

INTRODUCTION TO HAWKING

MAR 10 1948

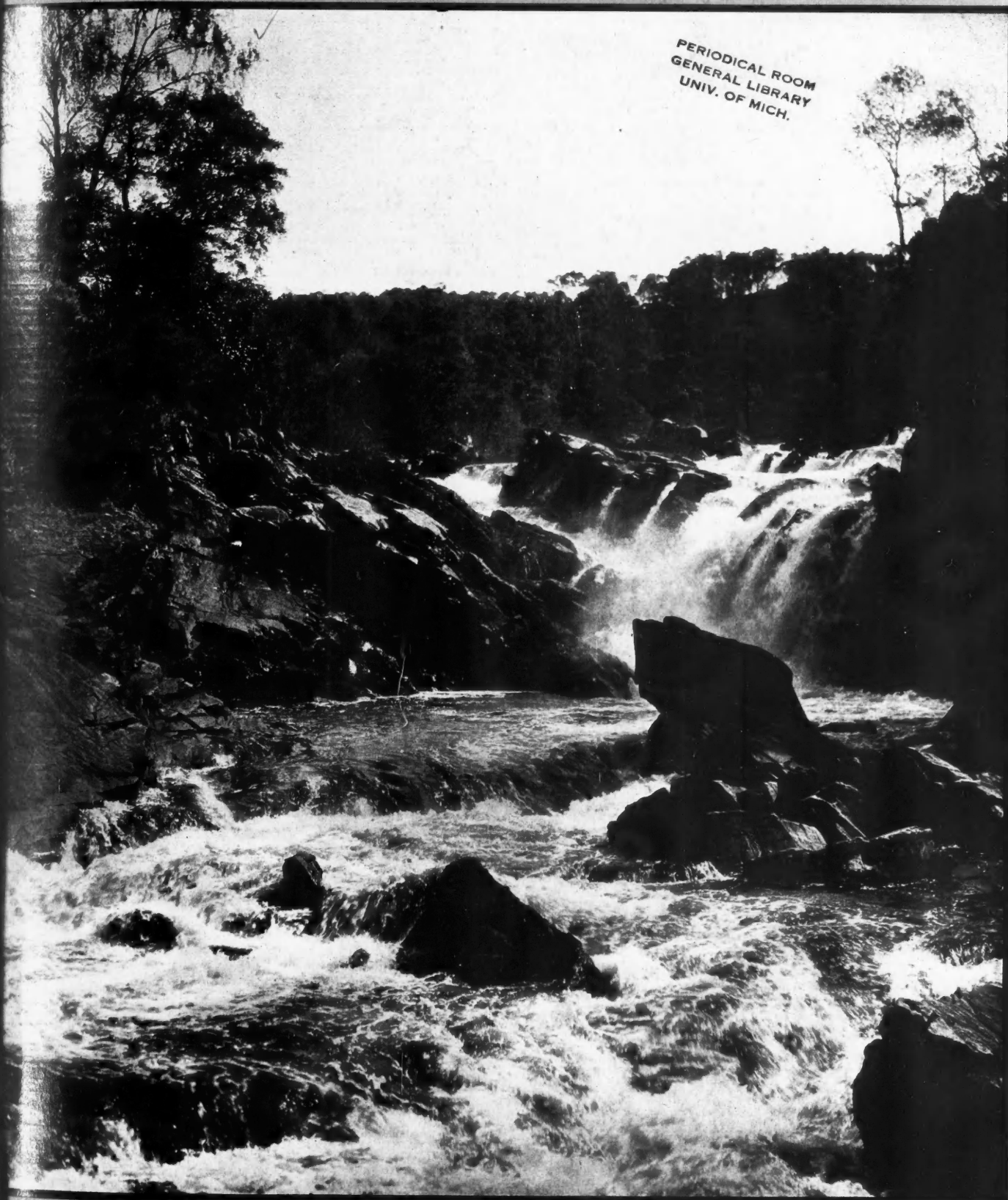
COUNTRY LIFE

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CHARMING COUNTRY GUEST HOUSE situated on cliff top between Folkestone and Dover. Club licence shortly. Excellent cooking. Own produce. Beautiful country, walking and riding. Riding school adjoining. Terms moderate. Special reduction winter.—Apply, **MANAGERESS, CAPEL COURT, CAPEL-LE-FERNE, NEAR FOLKESTONE.** Telephone: Folkestone 3462.

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LONGNOR HALL, NEAR SHREWSBURY. For Easter and the glories of Spring. An atmosphere of peace and perfect comfort in this beautiful 17th-century country house. Excellent food and ideal service. Trout fishing, riding, tennis. Tel.: Dorrington 58.

MARLOW, COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL offers special week and terms until March 22. 3½ guineas from Friday dinner to Monday breakfast inclusive, including taxi both ways from Maidenhead Station.

NEW FOREST, Burley Manor Hotel, fully licensed. Fine old English Mansion in 54 acres own parkland, glorious scenery. 8-10 gns. weekly. Brochure, gladly. "Phone Burley 3114.

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QUIET COUNTRY HOLIDAY. Wild fowling in season. Picnic lunches. **CHEQUERS HOTEL, HOLBEACH, Lincs.**, from £5/15/6 a week or 11/6 B. and B. "Phone 3247.

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WANTED

GOLDFISH. Estate owners or farmers with pools containing Goldfish or Fancy Fish for disposal, please communicate with **BOX B106, A.K. Advs.**, 212A, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

TEAK GARDEN SEAT required as war memorial, 10 to 12 ft. long; must be in good condition and of stout construction.—**S. G. LEE**, Rhosylli, Swansea.

SITUATIONS

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between the ages of 15 and 50 incl., or a woman between the ages of 15 and 40 incl., unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of the Control of Engagement Order 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

VACANT

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER required for Ascot district. Must be an excellent cook; wages and outings good.—Reply, giving full particulars, to Box 271.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION. The Civil Service Commissioners give notice of a Supplementary Reconstruction Competition for appointment to professional posts in Government Departments to be filled by competitive interview.

The estimated number of vacancies to be filled is: 40 Architects

8 Maintenance or Building Surveyors
100 Quantity Surveyors
70 Civil Engineers

80 Lands Officers (and Estate Surveyors). The vacancies, which are at the Assistant Grade in each case, are likely to occur in a number of Departments, notably Admiralty, Air Ministry, War Office, Public Trustee Office, the Ministries of Works, Transport, Education, Agriculture and Fisheries, and the Scottish Department of Agriculture.

Candidates must have been born on or after the 2nd August, 1905, and have attained the age of 21 by the 1st January, 1948 (for Assistant Civil Engineer in the Admiralty candidates must be under 35 years of age on the 1st January, 1948) and must have the appropriate professional qualifications and experience.

Salary scales for men in London: £500 x £25 to £750, with allowance for age on appointment. The next higher grades are: Main Grade, £750 x £25 to £1,000; Senior Grade, £1,050 x £35 to £1,200. Salaries for women and for officers appointed to the Provinces will be somewhat lower.

Forms of application and copies of the regulations with full particulars of the qualifications required may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 1896A.

Application forms must be completed and in the hands of the Commissioners not later than the 28th February, 1948.

CAN lady or gentleman thoroughly recommend first-class Butler/Valet, Cook and/or Cook-Housekeeper, Kitchen Maid, and Housemaid for country house within easy reach of London. Good wages and permanency.—Reply, giving fullest particulars, to Box 312.

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EXPERIENCED Housemaid wanted for country house near Sevenoaks; good home and outings; four other staff kept.—Apply, **MRS. CORNFORD**, St. Clare, Kensing, Kent.

MARRIED COUPLE wanted for country house in County Derry, Northern Ireland; wife cook-general, husband general man; good wages and outings.—Apply with references, **MRS. ALEX CLARK**, Amptern, Upperlands, N. Ireland.

REQUIRED, good class Woman, aged about 40. Duties: good plain cook and light duties in house. Must be of pleasing disposition. Other staff kept. Own suite consisting of bedroom, sitting room and bathroom. Very good home, good food, good wages. First-class references required.—Box 327.

YOUNG Woodman Keeper wanted, Kent, under 30.—Box 324.

WANTED and help light work in house and garden. £8 per month. Other help. References exchanged. Convenient house.—Apply, **MRS. T. S. DICK**, Street Ashton Lodge, Near Rugby.

WANTED **GENTLEWOMAN** (30) seeks interesting congenial residential post, town/country; reliable, capable.—Box 314.

KEEN young energetic Scotsman, farmer's son, seeks position in England as Estate Overseer. First-class experience in Scottish agriculture, also all branches of forestry, and general maintenance of estate repairs of buildings and general estate work.—Apply in first instance to Box 313.

LADY (30), capable, adaptable, fond children, seeks post with family going abroad.—Box 309.

LADY (45), experienced private secretary, requires post in country. Resident or live out. Accustomed responsibility, adaptable, pleasant personality; excellent refs.; can drive.—Box 328.

YOUNG ex-Sergeant (22) requires position Assistant Gamekeeper; desires experience rather than monetary gain.—**P. HUNTER**, "Onyx", Pasture Road, Hornsea, Yorks.

YOUNG Lady, demobilising A.T.S. March, requires post. Conscientious, cheerful, fond of children. Secretarial and citizenship qualifications. References given and received.—Box 326.

YOUNG Lady, aged 22, May, 1948, at present visiting relatives New Zealand, due return April, 1948, desires employment preferably resident, on a country estate or country club with plenty of outdoor life; go anywhere English or Ireland. Do anything, secretarial and experience horses, able drive car.—Box 323.

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For Sale **89** CONSECUTIVE copies, Sept. 14, 1935, to June 6, 1947, all in good condition.—Offers to Box 318.

Wanted **FOUR** Nov. 29 and two May 17, 1946 "Country Life" wanted.—**BRADFORD**, Weston, St. Paul.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS
ADVERTISING, PAGE 206

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2663

JANUARY 30, 1948



Pearl Freeman

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Lady Gainer is the wife of Sir Donald St. Clair Gainer, British Ambassador to Poland

COUNTRY LIFE

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BRINGING OUR CITIES UP TO DATE

THOUGH for the time being the need for keeping down capital expenditure, and the lack of building materials and labour for anything but the most urgent tasks of production, are bound to limit the rate of re-development of our towns and cities, we are at least being given opportunity to work out orderly plans which can be executed as a continuous process by local authorities armed with their new town planning powers. The Advisory Handbook on the Development of Central Areas, just issued by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning (H.M. Stationery Office, 12s. 6d.) after some years of preparation, rightly emphasises this orderly continuity, which is the antithesis of the haphazard action which produced the human congestion, traffic chaos and disorderly sprawl characteristic of typical British towns. The Handbook is primarily intended as a guide to public authorities engaged in restoring war-damaged areas and bringing their cities up to date, but it should have a much wider public if henceforward the citizen is to understand and take his full share in the transformation of his own city, and not be content to be catered for by a benevolent bureaucracy.

"First things first" is the key to orderly redevelopment, and thoughtful consideration of the present lay-out of our own towns will convince most of us that the replanning of their congested centres is more important than controlling fresh developments in their more loosely-knit outer fringes. The Ministry's Handbook provides general guidance on the principles and standards that should govern the preparation and execution of redevelopment plans for such central areas. Wisely an actual example has been chosen as object lesson, and, as it was evident that some of the most difficult problems arose only in towns with a population of 250,000 or more, the Handbook's conclusions are based on the considerations applying to a provincial town of about that size. Most of the recommendations will apply, with some modification, to smaller towns. They deserve the most careful study, which they will undoubtedly receive from planners both in this country and abroad. It is, of course, impossible here to deal with the numerous and complex technical problems which the Handbook will assist in solving. They range from the amount and types of building accommodation which should be provided in a central area to the lay-out of the main streets and of street blocks, and the provision of car parks. Some main principles will meet with immediate acceptance: that the road system in central areas, for instance, should be designed to take twice the pre-war volume of traffic; that the requirements of a successful shopping centre cannot be fulfilled in streets which are also main

traffic routes; that a greater number of small car parks is preferable to a few large ones.

These are merely examples of general principles which may or may not be of special importance to particular towns. Others of universal application are given the emphasis they deserve. The aim of control of the external appearance of buildings by a Planning Authority, it is laid down, is to secure that there should be balance and harmony in the lay-outs, general form and colour of the buildings as a whole. A wisely exercised control would certainly allow individual developers much freedom of decision concerning the block form and height of their buildings, and at the same time assure balance and cohesion in the general effect of a street. A practical corollary to this excellent doctrine is the further reminder that "control of external appearance by the Planning Authority can never be an effective substitute for the employment of competent architects by individual 'developers'". Incidentally, it may be

EVENING FLIGHT

I NEVER see a marsh that man's reclaimed
Without a yearning for the olden time . . .
The wastes, the windy skies, with their sublime
And desolate wild beauty, long since tamed.
Yet, though these old sea-pastures grow scant reeds
And the broad fleet has dwindled to a ditch,
The duck still come to glean the grattans, which
Of old bore such rich crops of lush marsh-weeds;
And, as the western glow pales and recedes
And hurrying mallard flight across the hill
Down to the twilight marsh, the heart of one
Listening expectantly with lifted gun
Leaps with the fowler's immemorial thrill,
And there breathes beauty yet for him that heeds.

JOHN BLANFORD.

pointed out that the Handbook lays much stress on the Ministry's daylighting code, to which an appendix is devoted. The importance of daylighting control resides not only in the setting up of a new health standard, but in the fact that planning to prevent buildings from obstructing each other's daylight is likely to lead to replacement of the present continuous city street façades by buildings whose upper parts are well set back.

CARE OF OXFORD BUILDINGS

UNDER changed and changing conditions the traditionally jealous autarchy that prevailed in Oxford and Cambridge colleges has been steadily modified, so that the proposal made in Mr. W. J. Arkell's admirable book *Oxford Stone*, which is reviewed on page 240, will not seem so revolutionary as it would have done fifty, or even twenty, years ago. He suggests that the University should establish a central architectural panel, to which all colleges, as well as the University authorities, should submit their plans and proposals for restoring, adding to, or altering buildings before putting them into effect. Many of the worst crimes against Oxford and Cambridge have been perpetrated by governing bodies that included in their ranks fellows with strong but uninstructed opinions, and consulting architects have been far from infallible over such matters as choice of stone or the treatment of an old but inconvenient building, let alone questions of style and design. What Mr. Arkell advocates is a permanent advisory body which would include scientific experts as well as architects and representatives of all the colleges. By this means a valuable store of information and data could be built up, close relations established with the Building Research Station, and the best advice taken and acted upon. Two further proposals are that a portable outfit for the regular cleaning of buildings should be kept and made available to all the colleges, and that the University might take steps to see what quarries for Cotswold slates are in operation, or even arrange to lease, own or open a quarry of its own.

LINSEED

THE Minister of Agriculture is worried because farmers are not offering the increased acreages of linseed which are wanted to make this country less dependent on South

American supplies. To many farmers linseed is a new crop, and they have been frightened of committing themselves at all heavily by stories that linseed is difficult to harvest and laborious to thresh. The guaranteed price of £45 a ton for clean linseed looks fair enough with the prospect of an average yield of half a ton to the acre from the better Canadian varieties of seed that are to be available this season. Those who have regularly grown small acreages of linseed to have a suitable food for calves do not confirm the pessimistic opinions about the extension of this crop on a commercial scale. Nineteen forty-seven was a peculiarly favourable season for harvesting it. The heads stood upright and were easily taken by the binder. Dry, sunny weather in August allowed the crop to be left in stook for a fortnight before it was ricked, and what has been threshed came through the machine without undue trouble. Nineteen forty-six experiences were very different, but even in that abominable harvest linseed was no more troublesome than barley. The straw is very tough and the cutting knife must frequently be sharpened to make a clean job, but this and other technical points are no more formidable than many other practical problems that the farmer has to overcome every day in his business. It may be said that with the call for a full acreage of cereals we cannot afford to devote more arable land to linseed this season. But linseed is an especially suitable crop for growing on ploughed-in turf, and there are many thousands of acres of grass land, both ley and permanent, that need to be stirred into full production by the plough. Linseed is a likely pioneer crop.

CAMERA AND NO-BALL

THE camera comes more and more to the aid of the fallible human eye in our sports. It can, for instance, show that which a mere mortal judge would call a dead heat in a sprint was clearly a victory by inches for one man or the other. Will it some day invade the realms of cricket, and decide whether the batsman was run out or the bowler ought to have been no-balled? The question is suggested by certain photographs of the Australian fast bowler, Lindwall, whom we shall see here this summer. Some of them seem undeniably to show his back foot not behind the bowling crease, as the law demands, but well beyond it while the ball is still in his hand. Thus Lindwall seems very perceptibly to decrease for himself the length of the pitch, and that with a bowler of his pace must be a matter of importance. It is not for a moment suggested that this is intentional; he has probably been quite unconscious of it, but with these photographs he can be so no longer. No doubt he will now practise mending his ways, and it is much to be hoped that he will succeed. At present he could hardly escape being no-balled by our umpires, and that may make for argument and unpleasantness, the two things of all others which we want to avoid.

TRAVELLER'S JOY

WE are all concerned with railway travel since all of us must sometimes go by train, and more often than ever in these days of petrol shortage. Therefore there is a very general interest in the flood of suggestions for improving our railways which has come with their nationalisation. A number have lately been made in addresses to the Institute of Transport. Among them is "tavern accommodation" on long-distance trains, the opportunity to borrow books, and seats of variable pitch for travelling at night. All of them sound inviting. It would be undoubtedly pleasant to get a drink when we have a mind for it, and likewise to get a book. As to this last, indeed a lynx-eyed librarian would surely be necessary. The most honest of us can unconsciously put a book in his pocket, not as easily as he does a friend's matchbox, but still easily. Moreover, everybody is, no doubt regrettably, not above suspicion, and there must be great temptation for one who is half-way through a detective story, and is just going to discover who committed the murder, when he reaches his destination. Most seductive of all is the thought of a more friendly slope, and that not only for night travel. There is nothing so wearing on a long journey as too stern and unyielding a back.



PONY CLUB MEMBERS OUT WITH THE GARTH

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

I HAVE recently had the, to me, quite novel experience of shooting pheasants when the beating of the spinneys, coverts and kale was carried out entirely by a pack of springer spaniels, with the human element figuring in the exercise only in the form of a "Master of Hounds" in charge of operations and two men acting as flank patrols on either side of the wood to prevent the birds breaking out too early in the drive and to keep them moving forward. This working pack was started some fifteen years ago by a local breeder of springer spaniels with the dual object of giving his dogs exercise and training and providing himself with a day's amusement in the winter months which at the same time would yield some small financial help towards the maintenance of a big kennel—and with dog meat selling at approximately the 1939 price for sirloin this is a serious matter.

THE pack on this occasion numbered twelve liver-and-white springers of varying ages, and, although the "Master" carried a whip, it was, so far as I could see, merely a token, since I never saw him use it during the course of the day. The dogs were all extraordinarily well disciplined, and even if a hare was put up on a stubble when they were moving across the open to the next wood, there was no riot. The "Master" controlled them entirely by means of the whistle, which was of the natural as opposed to the mechanical variety, and employed only two notes. One of these notes apparently was to let the pack know that all was going well and that they were to keep moving forward; the other, a more peremptory one, was in the nature of a reprimand to odd members who occasionally got ahead of the general line, or might shew an inclination to pursue fur outside the wood. This latter lapse from the paths of righteousness occurred very rarely indeed, and the culprit on no occasion travelled more than a hundred yards on his digression from the work in hand before he realised he had left the pack and must return to it. When I think of my own experiences with springer spaniels in connection with hares I realise that the "Master" of the pack is no ordinary dog-handler.

It is quite impossible to form any sort of reliable opinion on this method of driving pheasants from the impressions obtained during one day only, and that on land over which I

have never shot before, but I hope to see more of it in the future. With the existing shortage of man-power, the very great increase in the daily pay of the farm-worker and the fact that the two recognised perquisites of a day's beating, a bottle of beer and a couple of rabbits, are now in very short supply, the enlistment of the necessary beaters for a day's shoot is not the easy matter it was, and it may be that working packs of spaniels have a very definite future.

ONE of the features of the beats on this occasion was that birds were likely to come over any of the guns at any time after the pack had started work, that there was possibly a tendency for more birds to go back over the dogs than would have done if they had been flushed by men, and that there was not that final burst of accumulated pheasants from the extreme end of the wood which is more or less usual when the beating is done by humans. At the same time, I do not think that anything was overlooked in the way of feather and fur, since the usual roe buck made his get-away early in one drive, four or five woodcock were bagged during the day, and the magpies and jays seemed to be more worried than usual, but as usual seemed to be able to evolve some evasive tactics that saved their skins whatever might happen to those of others.

A CORRESPONDENT tells me that when cutting down an aged cider-apple tree in his orchard last autumn he came across a relic of the disastrous cold spell which we experienced during the first three months of 1947 and which took such a heavy toll of our wild bird life. When the tree fell, a large branch broke off, disclosing a woodpecker's hole which ran at right-angles for some distance into the rotten trunk. Further investigations into the heart of the tree brought a woodpecker's nest to light, and on top of it, dry and desiccated and light as paper, the body of the hen bird with the feathering as bright as it had been before she died of hunger during that long period when the food supply of

all birds was frozen up for such a protracted time that it is a marvel that any survived. Among the many reports of certain varieties of birds that suffered heavy losses during this time were several from different parts of England which stated that the green woodpecker, once extremely common, was now almost extinct, which is to be regretted, since a bird that can manage a laugh at almost any hour of the day these gloomy times is to be esteemed.

I DO NOT know if the cold spell of early 1947 was less severe in this district than elsewhere, but luckily it had no effect on the numbers of the green woodpecker, or yaffle, as it is called here. I flush a couple almost every day when I walk down the path by my one arable field to the pullet's run beyond, and often wonder what it is that they find to laugh at. Since from its sound the laugh appears to be derisive, it may be the strap grass, or couch, that is sprouting abundantly in the recently ploughed field, the shortage of eggs in the pullets' house, or something equally deplorable.

I BELIEVE that, like the cad pig of the litter, the green woodpecker is so much esteemed, and so well known to the countryman, that it has a different local name in almost every county in England. Yaffle seems to be more or less general in the south, but farther to the west the bird is called the stock ecle, and around the Welsh borders it is known as the high-ho. The peculiarity about the bird is that when it is on the wing (and one usually sees it doing its marked up-and-down flight towards the nearest wood) one notices only its general green colouring, which then appears to be of a dull hue. It is only on those more or less rare occasions when one finds the bird at work on the lawn, or in the corner of some field, that one realises that its green colouring is, to say the least, exotic, that it has a brilliant scarlet cap on its head, and that its face is white barred with black, and that there is a patch of bright yellow above its tail. On more than one occasion a correspondent, who has obviously started to notice birds only late in life, has written to me describing a rare and brilliantly coloured foreign visitor, or an escape from an aviary, that he or she has seen, and from the description it has

been obvious that the "tropical migrant" was only our old and very British friend the green woodpecker, without whom no stretch of English countryside is really complete.

* * *

MY new Scottie pup, who is now rapidly approaching dog's estate, having been severely instructed and reprimanded, does not chase chickens. Although the flushing of twenty screaming bundles of feathers, which scuttle in all directions with wildly flapping wings, is one of the most attractive digressions a young dog can indulge in, he knows that it is forbidden, because, on account of one of those queer absurdities from which the human being suffers, these idiotic creatures are highly esteemed, and have some value which is not immediately apparent to the superior intelligence of the dog.

I repeat he does not chase chickens, but it is an unfortunate and invariable occurrence that, when he enters the field in which they are scratching, he in some unaccountable fashion finds himself on the far side of the flock, of which he takes no notice whatsoever. When called to come to heel he obeys with far more alacrity than is his normal custom, and the wild rush at approximately 30 m.p.h. through the middle of the flock produces all the delightful manifestations of chicken chasing when, of course, in reality it is nothing of the sort. It is caused entirely by a small dog's desire to show that he adores his master and is instantly obedient to orders.

* * *

MY Note in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE which described the ramifications of a rat intruder in a food shed and his ultimate death by means of a gin-trap brought me a reprimand from a reader who does not suffer from the rat himself and who wrote: "Please don't use gin-traps," but was unable to tell me

what I should use instead. He stated that he looked to the time when animal traps and snares will be considered with the same abhorrence as are the man-traps of other days, and presumably he envisages an ideal world where the brown rat has ceased to exist and does not consume annually tons of food required for human beings.

* * *

THE only alternative to the gin-trap that I know is poison, and this I abhor because the rat so often will carry the poisoned bait outside a shed, and leave it where chickens and even the household dog may consume it. I have tried a variety of other traps, but they all require baiting, and the intelligence of the rat is such that usually he realises at once that it is a bait and that there is a trap beneath. The only efficient method that I know is a gin-trap placed in a rat run, or the area in which he feeds, and covered most carefully with light soil or grain until it is absolutely invisible. In the case I described I caught the intruder, which nightly was eating one hen's rations and fouling those of half a dozen others, by means of a gin-trap set just beneath the surface of the corn in the corn bin. Needless to say a gin-trap should never be set in a spot where any other animal or bird could be caught in it, and if this rule is observed I cannot see any possible objection to its employment against the rat, which is such a menace to every form of agriculture and the resulting food supplies that there is no room for false sentiment about the means employed to keep its numbers in check.

* * *

A COUNTRY LIFE reader, Mr. Raine, of Birmingham, has sent me an interesting letter dated August 30, 1825, which he recently discovered in an old deed box and which throws

some light on stock-keeping of over a hundred years ago.

Apparently a Major Gilchrist, of Ospisdale, near Dornoch, in Sutherland, was in the habit of sending every autumn to a Mr. Atkinson, who lived near Penrith, a herd of animals for sale in Cumberland, and the particular consignment to which the letter refers consisted of 57 cows and heifers and over 3,000 sheep. Major Gilchrist and Mr. Atkinson were apparently friends as well as business acquaintances, and Major Gilchrist starts his letter by expressing his pleasure at hearing that Mr. Atkinson is in good health, and then adds "to speak first a little on business." After this, except for a slight digression when he mentions that Andrew Craig, the drover, "gets on very well with the girls" (which is not a strong recommendation for a man in charge of many hundreds of cattle) he speaks of nothing else but business and the prices he expects to get for his beasts. The sheep work out at roughly 25s. a head, the cows at £10 10s. and the heifers at approximately £7. Among the heifers are two "slit in each lug," one of which is a present for Mr. Atkinson, who, one feels, deserves something for the trouble he will have, and the other is for "old Mr. Craig." These, the writer says, "will when fattened up give such beef as Lord Lonsdale may smack his lips after."

* * *

IT is impossible to gather from the letter how long the cattle were on the road between Sutherland and Cumberland, but the postmark throws some light on the postal service of those days. The letter was written on August 30, travelled via Bonar Bridge and reached Edinburgh on September 3, and it bears the additional ½d. stamp which was levied on all letters carried in four-wheeled carriages to help to pay the many toll charges.

INTRODUCTION TO HAWKING

By MICHAEL PITT-RIVERS



1.—A GOSHAWK. "Her sight was sharper than a man's"

HAWKING has never quite died out in Germany and just before the war it was enjoying something of a revival. It suited the feudal taste of Hermann Göring and an official mews was established in the Harz mountains in 1934 under his patronage. Pictures of the *Reichsforstmeister* dressed in elaborate hunting kit, with a hawk upon his fist, were not uncommon, although he participated in the sport himself only for a few days in the year.

To one who is impressed by the sight of a wild hawk making its way elusively across the countryside to the consternation of all the other birds, the chance of commanding such performances at will has an irresistible appeal. Now the opportunity had arisen. I wrote to the head falconer of the *Reichsfalchnhaus*—Fritz Loges. He was out of a job, for his birds had been liberated by the invading army and he said he would be pleased to work with the English. He knew of a man in Finland who would certainly let us have an eagle if we could fetch it and that would make a good beginning to the mews.

I had to explain that I had never hawked before and wished to start in the most modest way; furthermore that I could draw on only local resources. On that understanding we began with a mews of three goshawks and two peregrine falcons. All these birds had been taken from the nest as they were starting to fly; all were of the year, except one goshawk, which was in its second spring and in the course of its first moult; and all were females (larger and generally more suitable than males).

The first thing I was to learn was the essential difference between training a hawk and training a falcon.

Hawks, with their broad, heavy wings (Fig. 2) and fan-like tails, are adapted by Nature to kill on or close to the ground. The width of their tails (Fig. 3) gives them tremendous manoeuvrability, enabling them to fly through woods and to hunt in close country. Falcons, on the other hand, are adapted to strike their prey in the air by stooping from above, with their long, narrow wings arched half-spread to steady them as they dive.

However, training in both cases started in the same way. The young goshawks had to be carried and fed on the fist every day. The older bird, who had started her moult, was left in a slightly darkened shed in the hope that quiet and good feeding would get her through it before the end of September. I had as yet seen nothing of falconry and here was the first obvious disadvantage to the sport, for birds moult more slowly in captivity than they do when wild, and they generally remain inactive for five or six months in the year. When, shortly afterwards, Enid, as she was called (Herr Loges could remember only the very simplest English

names) broke out from her clinic by a cunning piece of treachery, I was nearly disillusioned.

But meanwhile the two young hawks were progressing. They displayed a tolerant indifference to being stroked and handled. They had come to the stage when they could be left unattached upon a post while a dead rabbit was towed past them, and for a long time the keen eyes would follow every move; then suddenly the bird would flutter from its perch and, striding across the grass like a chicken, would make a grab with its vicious yellow foot. Food would then be offered it from a well-gloved hand and so it would be recovered to the fist. Every day the rabbit lure was placed farther from the post, and the fluttering gradually became a flight. Three weeks later either bird could be relied upon to fly any distance as soon as the lure appeared.

There remained only one lesson before live prey was tackled. Young birds must be taught to kill. Landing on the prey was not good enough, for unless the victim's head had



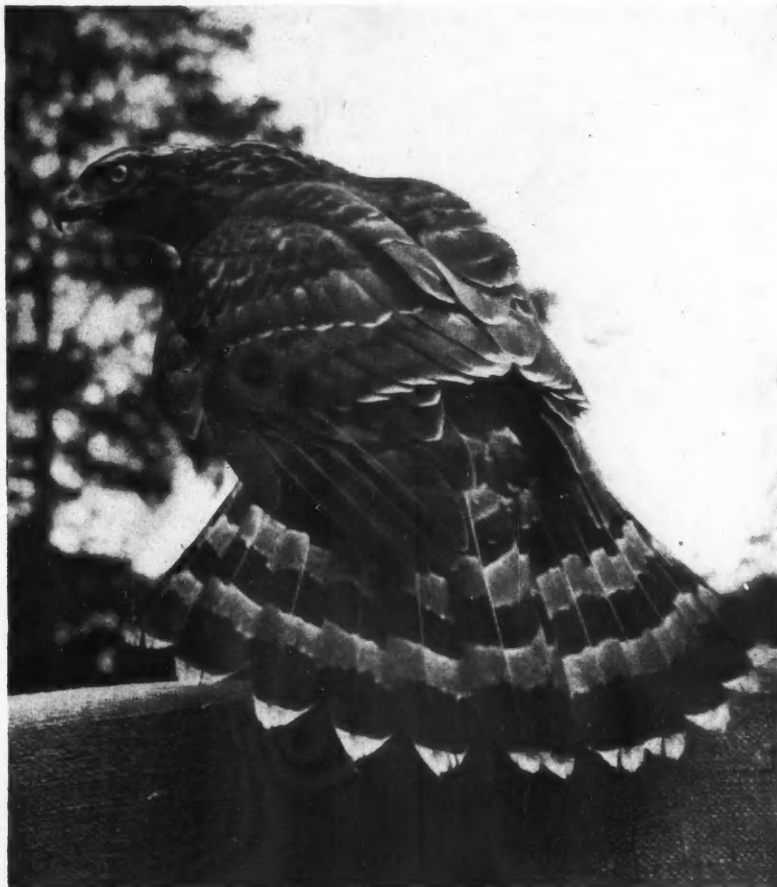
2.—“HAWKS, WITH THEIR BROAD, HEAVY WINGS ARE ADAPTED BY NATURE TO KILL ON OR CLOSE TO THE GROUND”

been secured, it would be able to wriggle itself free. From now on, therefore, the string attached round the neck of the dead rabbit would continue to be jerked and pulled until the hawk's talons worked up to the head, when further movement ceased.

The first live animal that the hawk attacks must be an easy kill, for a few failures at this stage of training make the pupil bored by the whole affair. For this reason it may be necessary to use a bagged rabbit unless there are wild ones well out in the open, as there are in many parts of England but only rarely in north Germany. Once the hawk has killed its instinct does the rest, for like a fox, it enjoys killing and in its wild state will often kill more than it intends to eat, as many a German poultry-keeper will testify.

Of the two goshawks under training, Maisy died of bronchitis before she could achieve a “bag.” (Inflammation of the respiratory passage is one of the commonest diseases that beset a trained hawk.) Daisy, on the other hand, having caught a number of rabbits, graduated to the hare. A hare is a stronger animal than the goshawk usually cares to tackle in its natural state. Unless it is skilfully caught, a few vigorous leaps will set it free and in the struggle the bird may lose some of her precious feathers—precious in that they have to last her until the moult.

At the first few attempts we found Daisy sitting on the ground, with wings extended, and could see, through her open beak, her tongue move slowly up and down as though she were muttering some hideous oaths, while the hare ran hurriedly beyond the nearest hedge. But after a while she learnt the form. She could be released from any distance, for her sight was sharper than a man's. Over three or four hundred yards she would wing her way so close to the



3.—“THE WIDTH OF A HAWK'S TAIL GIVES IT TREMENDOUS MANOEUVRABILITY”



4.—“A DOG AND A HAWK THAT ARE TO WORK TOGETHER MUST BE INTRODUCED TO EACH OTHER AT AN EARLY AGE”



5.—A PEREGRINE FALCON AT A THROWN LURE

ground that she almost seemed to touch it. As she approached her prey she would bear away to a flank and gain a slight height for the sweeping glide which ended in a skid upon her wing-tips with her claws thrust out in front to seize her kill. Hares, when they see a hawk approach, rely more upon their ability to turn rapidly than upon their speed. Sometimes they would escape the first onslaught. Daisy would then mount sharply with the speed she had gathered in the downward sweep and, banking steeply, would turn to come in from the other side.

Her performance in woodlands was more remarkable, although it was naturally more difficult to watch. Once, during the early days, I put her after a rabbit close to a big wood. Largely owing to the long grass, she missed her first two attacks and, having lost her speed, started flapping off energetically into the wood. I watched her weave her way through the closely planted pines until she disappeared. Soon I found her sitting on her prey and, with the aid of a little meat, went to pick her up. As I did so, the rabbit, released from a vice-like hold, got up and ran away. I had forgotten an elementary rule of falconry, that the falconer must dispatch the victim as soon as possible, because hawks generally kill their prey at leisure after it is caught.

The goshawk can be used in other ways than from the fist. Sometimes I gave my hawk her freedom from the start and walked across country with a dog. Daisy would follow, moving from tree to tree to make sure that she could see the ground over which the dog was quartering. If she lagged behind a loud whistle would usually bring her to a nearer tree. If the dog pointed or, if it were a dachshund, barked, she would grow visibly excited and the moment anything was seen she would swoop after it.

Before a dog and a hawk can work together they must get to know and trust each other. They should be introduced to each other at an early age (Fig. 4).

In two and a half months Daisy's bag had mounted to 48 rabbits, 10 hares, 1 cat and a buzzard. The cat, of the domestic variety, but gone wild, was more than a match for the hawk, and but for the early intervention of the dachshund, the struggle might have had a different result. The unlucky buzzard was caught when, full of curiosity, it swooped down to have a look at a rabbit which the hawk was chasing. It was killed almost at once. Two farm-yard ducks were also slain, although they could scarcely be entered to her credit. By now she had become infallible, she never missed and would attack almost anything.

Then, one evening, Loges came to me in a great state of alarm. She had disappeared. She had been sitting high up in a pine tree watching the dachshund nosing through a bush when she must have seen a rabbit in the distance, for she had suddenly flown off. Presumably she had killed, for she did not return despite his repeated exhortations. As it grew dark the weary falconer returned, anxious yet confident that he would find her next day. For a time rumours had come in. A farmer thought he had heard her bell, or a keeper had seen her fly across the lake. But she was never recovered.

I had other hawks, including two passage birds (that is to say, those caught in a trap after they were fully grown), but I never managed to get so high a bag in so short a time.

All this time the falcons' training was progressing, but I was to be less successful with them. They had also to be taught to kill and to do so had to develop strength and

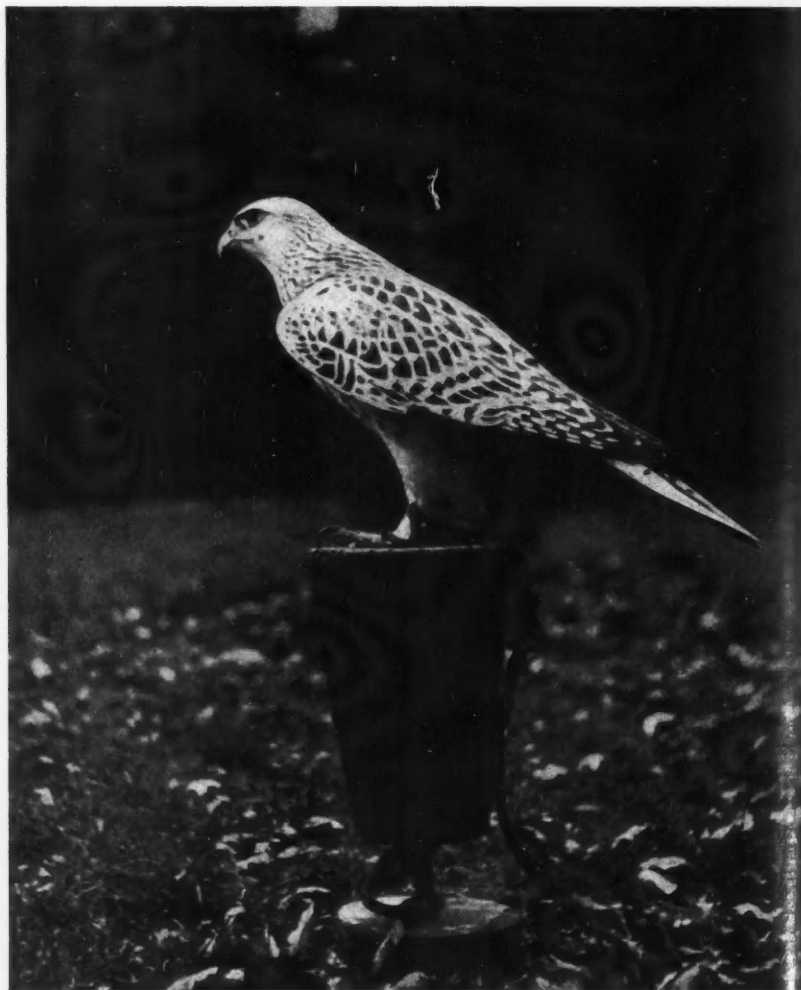
speed in flight. Once handled sufficiently to overcome their fear of man and associate his fist with food, they were put out at hack, in other words, let loose. Every day they would come in to be fed from their trainer's hand. On the sixth day one did not come in for food and it was assumed that she must have started killing for herself. Once such an event has taken place, the bird must be secured, for she will soon cease to rely upon mankind at all. In fact, she had not learnt her trade and, in spite of every encouragement, declined to kill another bird. She would fly around her trainer in wide circles for nearly twenty minutes. She would stoop upon the lure when it was thrown (Fig. 5), but a pigeon put up from the ground beneath her aroused her curiosity rather than a lust to kill.

The second bird was particularly delicate. It flew close to the ground and, soon tired, used to take a short rest on any likely perch. Such "vice" is regarded by the experts as incurable, and I therefore did not greatly regret it when, soon afterwards, this good-natured little bird died.

For a while we persevered with the remaining falcon. But to no avail. They were both constitutionally weak, or perhaps wrongly treated when first

taken from the nest. I was anxious to get some passage falcons, for, while they are more difficult to train in the early stages, they hunt naturally and are always more agile and stronger than an eyass—a hawk or a falcon taken as a nestling. However, I was not able to find anyone who was trapping falcons (a difficult and highly skilled occupation), and finally gave up the idea of training anything but hawks.

Before the war there were a number of trappers who supplied enthusiasts with birds of many sorts. One could get Greenland falcons (Fig. 6) and Iceland falcons from Iceland and Norway, and peregrines from Holland. But to-day it is perhaps impossible to get them.



6.—A GREENLAND FALCON, A SPECIES THAT COULD BE OBTAINED WITHOUT DIFFICULTY BEFORE THE WAR

A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE

By STANISLAUS LYNCH

TO say that it was the sort of incident that might happen only once in a lifetime would be an understatement. It was the million-to-one risk that even the most meticulously careful insurance company might overlook. In a lifetime spent with horses nothing like it had ever happened to me before, and I shall take good care that it does not ever happen to me again.

I was living in Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan, and I had a cream-coloured horse named Custard. Being entirely cream-coloured Custard was something of a rarity, since most cream-coloured horses have manes, tails, or points with shadings of black, brown or white in them. Custard was cream from head to foot, but if ever a horse bore the "Mark of the Prophet's Thumb" Custard bore it, for he had a clearly distinct black spot on the near side of his neck, just in front of the shoulder. The "Mark of the Prophet's Thumb" has great significance in Eastern countries, and the Arabs value very highly any horse that bears it. The mark must be in the correct position, and, so far as I know, Custard's was.

Custard was a four-year-old, fifteen hands three inches high, and there were few gates—iron or wooden—in the country that would stop him. I have seen him trot up to an iron gate, as nonchalantly as you please, and soar over it as effortlessly as a swallow. Well, we may do some strange things in Ireland occasionally, but jumping five-barred iron gates is not exactly part of our everyday curriculum; so I had to do something to stem the ardour of this paragon of equine acrobats. I got the blacksmith to add two extra bars to each gate; these kept Custard from breaking his neck.

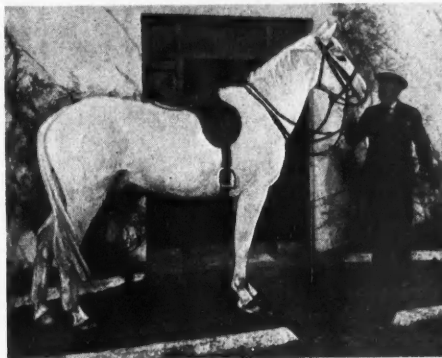
It did not prevent him, however, from trying to break mine; for, under a saddle, he was the greatest duffer I ever came across! He did not seem capable of jumping a pole three feet high; either he would barge his way through it, or else would tumble head over heels across it. I tried every imaginable approach. I let him jog at it, just as I had seen him jog at a gate, but it was no use. I sent him at it in a nice collected canter, but he sprawled across it. I sent him at it at full speed, but he went through it like a bull-dozer! Nothing seemed of any use, and, although he had an otherwise lovable disposition, it seemed that he did not want to do anything correctly while a rider was on his back.

However, the hunting season was approaching and I kept riding him and hoping. At that time I kept a small pack of hounds and had great fun with them. As the country was a network of small fields, it was essential to know it intimately or I would not have a hope of keeping hounds in sight for any length of time. It was not a hunting district, so my followers were few; and, since there was no subscription, I tried to do as little damage as possible and cut my way through wire only as a last resort. Not indeed that the farmers would have caused an uproar had I done so, for they were splendid, rugged sportsmen, always glad to see a good hunt and always ready to render assistance. If they saw me heading for a gap in which the end of a rusty iron bedstead was doing duty for a gate, or across which was stretched a venomous-looking rickety ladder, the bedstead or the ladder was ripped from its moorings long before I got near it. They gloried in the sight of a horse jumping a fence, but they were as considerate of his welfare as I was myself.

I had a number of horses and spent many hours each day in the saddle. I used the car for long journeys, but I rode horses for all the shorter trips. My father's farms were scattered, so I took short-cuts across country when going to look around the cattle. But no matter what route I chose, one thought alone was uppermost in my mind; and it was, what line would I take if my hounds ran this way? I looked at every

fence from a huntsman's point of view. Not only were these mental exercises of incalculable value when a fox took that line at some later date, but they made the entire countryside much more interesting, and the somewhat prosaic task of doing my daily rounds to see the cattle was never dull.

Custard did his share of such work and was improving somewhat at his jumping, so when the stooks of oats heralded the approach of the hunting season, I rode him out one day to make an alteration to a wire fence so that I would not be held up by it when the season began. The wire was across the only fordable spot in a two-miles stretch of boggy river. The river here ran across a stratum of firm gravel for about twenty yards, and the banks were high



CUSTARD WAS ENTIRELY CREAM-COLOURED AND BORE THE "MARK OF THE PROPHET'S THUMB" ON THE NEAR SIDE OF HIS NECK

and almost perpendicular—the results of a deep cutting made by a drainage scheme; but on either side of this stratum the river stretched for a mile through unrideable bog-land and the only bridges were at either end. If a fox were to cross the river and I were to depend on the bridges I might say farewell to himself and my hounds for the day.

The wire consisted of four strands stretched across the river as a meandering fence between two farmers' properties. Up-stream, above the wire, on the left bank, a deep cutting had been made to allow cattle to descend for a drink; down-stream, below the wire, on the opposite or right bank, a similar facility had been provided for the other owner's cattle. This meant that if the wire could be removed, a huntsman could ride down into the river, travel along the bed for a few yards and climb out on the opposite bank without the slightest trouble.

I rode Custard out one day to see what could be done about this wire. I knew there were two or three stout uprights made of bog-oak supporting the wire in mid-stream, but I wondered if some alteration could be made which would not interfere with the fence's utility. When I rode down into the river I was delighted to see how easily this could be done. There would be no necessity to get a man to do it. I could do it myself. The four strands of wire, ended on the right bank. They were strapped round a short pole that was not driven into the river bed. This pole was attached by two pieces of wire to a stake driven low into the face of the river bank and, higher up, to a stout whitethorn root. A few minutes' manipulation of my wire-cutters would leave these two pieces of wire in such a state that they could be unhooked and recoupled at any future date in a matter of seconds. This, in turn, meant that the short pole with the four strands of wire attached could be opened and closed like a gate; a crude, unwieldy gate, undoubtedly, but a means of getting through, nevertheless.

I dismounted from Custard, slipped his

rein over the crook of my arm and had the job done in a short time. I was standing most of the time in water that was almost up to the top of my hunting-boots and I had scarcely slipped back my wire-cutters into their sheath, when either the cold water, playfulness, or sheer devilment made Custard lift his near foreleg and commence to paw or churn the water. It was, I know, a perfectly natural action, but, before I had time to object to his splashing, he drove his foreleg smack into the two lower strands of barbed wire! He gave a frantic tug and then went almost crazy when he felt himself caught.

His first plunge drenched me to the skin. He reared forward, but I checked him; it was bad enough to have one foreleg entangled without having both. Then he tugged backwards in a half-rear until his tail and quarters were under water. The two wire hooks I had manufactured so recently parted with a sharp ping and released the short pole with the four strands of wire attached. The wire, the pole, the horse and myself staggered backwards into mid-stream. I was now up to my waist in water. I held the reins, but had the presence of mind to keep clear of his hoofs as he lost his feet. Through a silver mist of splashing water I saw the flash of his road-polished shoes as his flaying hoofs lashed frantically while he wallowed in the water.

Just then, the injuries which the barbed wire was inflicting on him were forgotten and were replaced by an appalling fear that he would drown; for his head and saddle were under water and he was lying on his back, kicking frenziedly.

How he ever regained his feet I do not know, but some time in the height of this agonising turmoil I found him standing beside me in shallow water, trembling like an aspen leaf, his foreleg still held by the vicious wire. I saw blood streaming, but paid no heed to it, for I realised that his terror-stricken pause was but a precursor to renewed fighting. To have tried to get my wire-cutters would have wasted vital moments.

If I let this opportunity slip I was ruined. I spoke to him, spoke to him, spoke to him. Oh! what confidence-instilling miracles can be performed by the soothing balm of the human voice! My shoulder was at his girth; if he pulled back he would crush me, trample on me or drown me, for I was under him; but I just kept on talking to him. I pressed my right shoulder forward under his elbow, then gave a heave that lifted his forearm high in the air, and with my free left hand snatched the wire clear from behind his pastern. He was free. He was bleeding, he was dripping wet and so was I, but he was free.

I had always looked upon Custard as an unusually stupid animal, very slow to learn anything about hunting, but I have not the slightest doubt that while he stood trembling with terror for those few moments, he understood every move and sound I made.

While I have no desire to cast aspersions on the religious beliefs of the Arabs, I think that the "Mark of the Prophet's Thumb" had little to do with the horse's release. Custard probably realised that my voice was the one friendly thing in a world that had turned savagely against him.

I am not likely to forget that September afternoon in Frael Bog. Assuredly I might get caught in wire while hunting; I might take a bad spill; I might have wire-cutters and be unable to use them; my horse might become entangled; he might roll over me; he might kick me; I might fall off at a river; he might fall in after me; he might kick me in the river, roll over me and drown me. But the odds against a horse lifting his foreleg in playfulness and instantly involving me in all these possibilities simultaneously are surely at least a million to one.

THACKERAY AS ARCHITECT

No. 2, PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON

By J. A. WALEY COHEN

FEW of the many people who daily pass No. 2, Palace Green, Kensington, Thackeray's last home, (Fig. 1) probably realise that he designed it himself. As he admitted, it was due to the princely salary that he received as first editor of the *Cornhill* (about £4,000 a year according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*) that he was able to fulfil a dream of his life and build a magnificent house in which to spend his old age in the company of his daughters and lavishly entertain his friends. Unfortunately he had only 22 months to enjoy this home: he entered into occupation in February, 1862, and was found dead in December, 1863.

The following short description of the house was written by Mrs. Jane Pryme, his cousin, before it was out of the builder's hands, and published in her book, *Memorials of the Thackeray Family* :—

"In the course of 1860 Mr. Thackeray built for himself an ideal house in Kensington Palace Gardens in the Augustan style of the neighbouring palace. When it was all but completed, I went by his invitation to look at it. He happened to be there himself, and as he asked me what I thought of it, I suggested that it would be appropriate to put his arms over the front, in a little shield of stone, as a memorial, for all time, of his having lived there. 'What arms shall I

put?' said he. 'Why not the Cornhill device?' I answered, 'for that gave you the money with which to build it.' But he replied, 'No, if I put up any it shall be those of the good old men who

went before me, in whose footsteps I would humbly hope to tread.' . . . No arms were put up."

Mrs. Pryme expressed a hope that the



1.—No. 2, PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON, THACKERAY'S LAST HOME, WHICH HE DESIGNED HIMSELF. The wing was added at the suggestion of his architect



2.—THE WINDOW ABOVE THE FIREPLACE IN THE STUDY. (Right) 3.—ONE OF THE TILES, WHICH THACKERAY DESIGNED, FROM THE FIREPLACE SURROUND



4.—DOOR-HANDLE, DESIGNED BY THACKERAY, FROM HIS STUDY AT No. 2, PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON

Society of Arts would erect a plaque over the front door, and this has since happened (Fig. 5).

"When the house was finished," she goes on, "it was all that was most elegant and comfortable in a dwelling . . . worthy of one who really represented literature in the great world, and who yet sustained the character of his profession with all the dignity of a gentleman. . . . There was a library of sufficient length to enable its master, while composing, to walk up and down it, and out into the garden. . . . The house was full of treasures."

The house had to be designed not only to be in keeping with its surroundings, and to pander to the needs of a lion of literature, but to satisfy also the requirements of any opulent host who might occupy it thereafter. For this reason, as is clear from the plan, which is in Thackeray's neat

hand and now in possession of the writer, the reception rooms are spacious, with two large drawing-rooms in the front of the house for entertaining, and a large and well-proportioned dining-room entered from the front hall. The ornamental fireplace was a much later addition. The wing also formed no part of the original design but was added at the suggestion of Thackeray's architect.

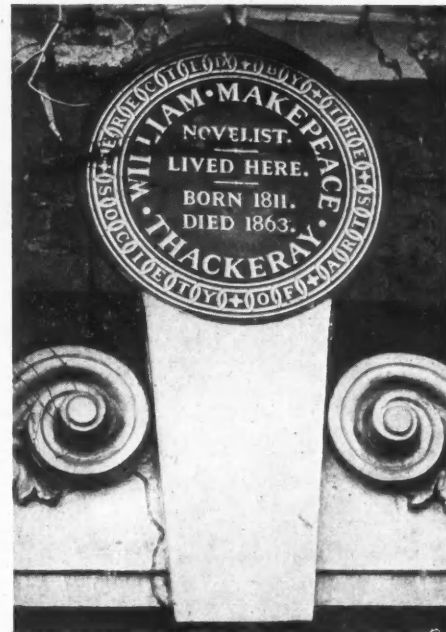
The study-writing-room, on the other hand, is at the back of the house and of much smaller proportions. By this means an author could segregate himself from the rest of the house, and, if he so desired, get into the back garden right away from the noise of the rest of the house. This room was specially designed so as to be quiet, and both to allow for the largest amount of wall space and to attract the greatest amount of sun. To achieve this dual purpose one of the windows was placed directly over the fireplace (Fig. 2). This window is, I understand, one of the few so placed in the whole of England. There is no doubt that this ingenious device enabled the room to be more comfortable, and to trap for the occupant the greatest possible amount of natural light.

To enable this project to be carried out, the chimney flues had to be diverted up the side of the wall—no small engineering feat. It is obvious from the picture of the window that the drawing of curtains would have presented great difficulty, but this, too, was ingeniously overcome by a heavy shutter (worked by a handle) which, when not required over the window, fitted into a slot in the wall. Nor was Thackeray content to leave the designing of the smaller items in his *sanctum sanctorum* to others, for he designed both the tiles for the fireplace surround and the door-handle in a style that he felt was in keeping with the rest of the room.

These two relics, illustrated in Figs. 3 and 4, together with the bust of Thackeray, given by his daughters to Mrs. Knight, to whom they sold the house, are practically the only remaining interior mementoes of the great man. They

were preserved by the foresight of Mrs. Charles Sebag Montefiore, the last hostess to live in the house before it was requisitioned by the American Army, and given by her to the writer. The iron staircase, and the fireplace tiles in Thackeray's bedroom, have gone, as has the vine, which must have been one of the last fruit-bearing vines in the Borough of Kensington.

The house now contains few marks of its first occupant except the window, and the terracotta record over the front door.



5.—THE PLAQUE PLACED OVER THE FRONT DOOR BY THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

GOOD MANNERS WHILE SHOOTING

By ARTHUR H. HOARE

TO the shooting man who was brought up to take his place in a team of guns when syndicate shoots were almost unknown, it is sometimes distressing to notice how very much shooting manners, or, perhaps better, style, has altered since his young days. Syndicate shoots are now almost universal; for death-duties and other high taxation have made the cost of running his own shoot quite prohibitive to the ordinary landowner.

Some members of syndicates have not had the good fortune to have been taught by their fathers in their youth what is good and what bad style. Far too often they are only keen to shoot, and, so long as they shoot with reasonable accuracy, they do not mind how or when they let off their guns. They will shoot at any bird that comes within their range, and close in on their neighbours if, at any stand, the birds don't come their way. They will even, without being specifically asked to do so, shoot between the drives, and feel a definite grievance if they have not had what they consider their share of the shooting.

This envy or jealousy among the members of syndicates has led to the most undesirable practice of drawing for stands and automatically changing them after each beat at a covert shoot (for grouse- or partridge-driving it is a different matter, as one drive does not usually differ markedly from another). The owner or manager of a syndicate shoot does not like personally to place the guns in the way it used to be done; if he does, some member will be sure to think that he has not had his share of the shooting. There is, however, a way of getting over the difficulty; let the manager of the shoot and his head-keeper go over the ground the day before, beat by beat; let them decide on the best stands and beats; let them distribute those and the less good equally among the guns by allowing each

gun to draw a card on which is written his stand at each beat, thus: Beat I, Stand 4; Beat II, Stand 6; Beat III, Stand 1; and so on. This will give a little extra trouble the first time it is done but, if a copy is kept of the whole plan, very little trouble afterwards. There is another advantage in the plan; the guns will constantly have different neighbours and it is far more amusing that that should be the case than to be all day between the same two.

I trust that it will not be thought presumptuous on my part if a few rules for good-style shooting are appended.

1. Don't shoot if you only *think* a shot is safe, you must *know* it is.

2. Never shoot or even carry a gun, loaded, between drives, unless you are definitely asked to do so by the manager of the shoot.

3. Never shoot at a pheasant which will pass over the head of one of your neighbouring guns.

4. If you are in any doubt as to whether a bird passing between you and your neighbour is yours or his, say "Yours" at the earliest moment possible and leave it to him. If he says "Yours" before you can do so, shoot, but be sorry you were slow to call out.

5. If birds are not coming your way or have ceased to do so, do not press in on your neighbour, unless asked to do so by him or by the shoot manager.

6. If you are the manager of a shoot do not forget to alter the stands to conform to the wind; this applies mostly to partridge drives in a cross-wind, but also to covert shooting.

7. Do not have too many guns, particularly for covert shooting; nothing can be more trying than shooting with your neighbours in your pocket, and nothing is so conducive to bad shooting, particularly if birds are really high.

8. There is very little point in having "beater" guns, except at the last shoots, when

you want to kill all you can. Such guns usually only have stupid shots at low birds breaking out to a flank which are far better left for another day. This does not mean do not have *back* guns. There are often stands where back guns get the best and most sporting birds. On no account should such guns be in front of, or even level with, the beaters, but well behind them. Some 40 to 50 yards from the end of the beat they should have definitely numbered stands, either inside or outside the covert.

It may be thought that Rule 3 is unimportant, and it may be said, "If I have a chance at a bird crossing my front diagonally to the line of guns, why should I not shoot it?"

There are two reasons, the first is that it is greedy; the bird will probably give your neighbour a much better shot. The second, and the more important, is that it is dangerous. I have seen a loader blinded in one eye by a bird falling on his face; I have seen another knocked into a ditch; and I have seen a lady seated on a shooting-stick knocked off and badly bruised. If a pheasant falls on a man as he is shooting he may fire in any direction; it would be too much to hope that he might plaster the man who dropped the bird on him!

It cannot be over-emphasised that shooting is a sport; it is not a competition like clay-pigeon shooting. In the old days of covert shooting it was common to see the owner out with a dog and a shooting-stick, placing the guns and running the show generally. Some owners I have known, when compelled to take in guns to share the expenses, still kept one or two guns, not for themselves, but so that they could still give some sport to their old friends. How things have changed! You may to-day meet men who think it no shame to have one personal gun in two or three or even more syndicate shoots.

HAM HOUSE

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

The famous Charles II home of the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, with its historic contents, is to be attached to the Victoria and Albert Museum

THE news that Sir Lyonel Tollemache has given Ham House, Petersham, Surrey, to the nation, and that the State has purchased its superb contents of works of art, the whole becoming a museum attached to South Kensington, will be unreservedly welcomed. The decision of the owner to offer Ham House as a gift is an act of most generous public spirit; that of the Government to acquire, it is rumoured for £100,000, the unique assembly of 17th-century furnishings and pictures for addition to the National Collections, is as wise as it was inescapable, unless the whole was to be dispersed. The ending of three centuries' tradition of a great families' home is sad. But for half a century the house has been in the nature of a museum, rather than a home, and, despite the generous hospitality of the late Earl of Dysart, was not generally accessible. Unless the immensely valuable contents were to be dispersed and the building reduced to a shell, which would have constituted a national misfortune, there remained no alternative to the whole being taken over by the State. That that should have been effected is a national benefit reflecting utmost credit on all concerned.

Ham House was originally built in 1610 by Sir Thomas Vavasor, a successful lawyer. The front (Fig. 1) is still largely of that date, and the Jacobean H-shaped plan survives in all essentials, despite the extensive alterations made in 1672. Under Charles I Ham was bought by William Murray, whipping-boy and later Gentleman of the Bedchamber to that Prince, who created him Earl of Dysart. Before the end of Charles's reign his only child, Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart in her own right, had married Sir Lionel Tollemache, of Helmingham.



1.—THE JACOBEOAN NORTH FRONT

Either during the Commonwealth or at the Restoration this remarkable lady instituted the first alterations to the Jacobean house. The most notable were the substitution of a more elaborate staircase (Fig. 7), enriched with pierced and carved panels; and Baroque doorways and wainscot of the type associated with John Webb applied to the first-floor drawing-room (Fig. 2). But they were eclipsed by those undertaken after her second marriage, in 1672, to William Maitland, second Earl and first Duke of Lauderdale, Secretary for and virtual autocrat of Scotland from 1661 to 1679.

Immediately after this marriage, suites of reception rooms on two floors were added between Vavasor's two south wings. Externally the result was to make the south front a continuous façade, and at the same time a hipped roof with bracket cornice probably replaced earlier gables, though the Jacobean chimney-shafts survive. Within, the house was thus doubled in width, the most important of the new south rooms being that known as the Queen's Bedchamber, or Cabal Room—from the tradition that meetings of the notorious council of ministers, in the nickname of which Lauderdale supplied the L, used to meet there (Fig. 3). The richly moulded ceiling, typical of the Charles II period, is the most elaborate of those with which every room in the house was now provided.

The ranges of north and south rooms are linked on the first floor by the Long Gallery (Fig. 4), occupying the length of Vavasor's west wing. This was lined with panelling, on which to hang "two and twenty Pictures with Carv'd Guilt Frames," according to the Duchess's inventory, and which still hang there—Lely portraits of prominent figures at Charles II's court. Below them are ranged some of the wealth of walnut, lacquered, gilded, and silver furniture with which "Bess of Ham" filled her rooms. Other sets and individual pieces, some later but in the main of Charles II date, are visible in the photographs of the other rooms.

Their superb quality and perfect preservation are, however, most evident in the small rooms or closets that, inherited from



2.—THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM



3.—THE CABAL ROOM (OR QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER). In the south front, added in 1672

the Jacobean plan, produce perhaps the most vivid impression of the sumptuous period décor of which Ham is the richest surviving example. One of the most complete is the Queen's Closet (Fig. 6), adjoining the Cabal Room, with gilt enrichments on a white marbled ground, the Italian scagliola fireplace, the silvered chimney furniture, marquetry inlaid floor, and, within the alcove, a pair of crimson upholstered and silvered "sleeping chairs," recorded in the 1679 inventory. Even more colourfully rich is the tiny Miniature Room, 15 ft. by 11 ft. in area (Fig. 5), opening off the North Drawing-room above one of the loggias of the entrance front. The original "Greene Damaske Hangings with Greene Silke



(Right) 4.—THE LONG GALLERY, HUNG WITH ITS ORIGINAL STUART PORTRAITS



5.—THE MINIATURE ROOM, UNCHANGED SINCE 1679



6.—THE QUEEN'S CLOSET, OR AUDIENCE CHAMBER

Fringe" is on the walls, studded with little paintings in "guilt" or "blak ebony" frames; the fireplace has as sumptuous fittings as the Queen's Closet, but the ceiling and its deep soffits are decorated with cherubic scenery of delightful soft tones, the painter of which awaits identification. A slightly less elaborate closet, but also with a painted ceiling evidently by a French artist, is on the ground floor and is still called the Volery from the Duchess having kept her pet birds in it.

The 18th century saw yet more treasures brought to Ham, most notable perhaps the famous set of Soho tapestries that now hang in the Cabal Room, recently described in *COUNTRY LIFE* by Mr. Thorpe. To the Lauderdale collection of 17th-century paintings—among them the curious one by Dankaerts of Charles II being presented by Rose, the Royal gardener, with the first pineapple raised in England (at Oatlands)—were added Reynolds and Romney portraits of the Tollemaches and Mannors; and much excellent Georgian furniture came to supplement the silver, ebony, and lacquer of the Duchess.

Lauderdale died in 1680 of apoplexy, but the Duchess sur-



7.—THE STAIRCASE

Carved and pierced woodwork of circa 1660

vived till 1698. Since James II fled his throne in 1688, the great south gates of Ham have never, tradition tells, been opened again. That order would have been characteristic of Elizabeth Dysart and Lauderdale. May her Stuart loyalties be respected by her public successors!

She was succeeded by her elder son by her first marriage, as 3rd Earl of Dysart, and with his descendants Ham remained till the death of the 9th Earl in 1935. The title then passed to his sister, Mrs. Owain Greaves, while the baronetcy and the Ham property went to his cousin.

In this short notice of one of the most perfectly preserved and exquisite period houses in England, no more than a few salient features have been alluded to. But at least an allusion must be made to the admirable work of restoration 50 years ago by G. F. Bodley. The garden, as laid out by the Duchess and visited by John Evelyn, alone contains material for a longer notice than this; while the contents of the house, even since the recent sale of the library, is, as has been remarked, a museum in itself. Yet another aspect, highly important to Londoners, is the future of Ham Meads and the open land belonging to the property, on which the National Trust is still conferring with the Richmond municipality. Its preservation unbuilt upon has been not the least of the services conferred on Britain by those who have possessed and lovingly maintained the Enchanted House.

TRUMPET FLOWERS

By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

THE kingdom of the trumpet flowers is a glorious one, second only, perhaps, to that of the heraldic rose shapes, typified in *Rosa Moyesii*, and to some degree in certain camellias, some cistus, most eucryphias and a few other plants.

The mighty rhododendron family produces trumpets of every size, colour and shape that I can think of. They range from the $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of *R. ledoides* to the huge mother-of-pearl tubes of *R. Taggianum*, which you could almost blow. Though rhododendrons are not an ultra-frant genus, as a whole, both these species happen to be attractively scented.

Among the lilies are many trumpet flowers; perhaps those of *L. giganteum* are the most truly of this shape, but those of *L. Brownii* always seem to me the most perfectly finished in design. The lilies grow almost naturally in the rhododendron beds, succeeding them in bloom. But where *R. auriculatum* grows the two trumpets mingle, as *L. auratum* flowers at the same time. With the lilies, unfortunately, one sighs in vain for the permanence of the rhododendron. For a year or two they gladden our hearts, perhaps, but they are too good to eat and too many creatures seem to know it. All too soon expensive replantings have to be made or we find we are without them.

I have an ambition to view the two most brilliant of the trumpet flowers aglow together, and I do not see why it should not be done, at any rate, in a summer of 1947 perfection. These superlatives are the azure blue morning glory, *Ipomæa coerulea*, and the scarlet bignonia, *Campsis grandiflora*. The first, of course, is a climbing annual plant best sown in pots in a hothouse and planted out as soon as frosts are thought to be over for the season. The campsis is a good perennial climbing shrub for our southern counties, although rare. This scarcity is probably occasioned by the difficulty of propagating it vegetatively and the infrequency of the plant's setting good seed. At the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley it was a superb sight last year and notably far more free-flowering than the hardier *C. Tagliabuana*, which is a hybrid between the Chinese *C. grandiflora* and the American *C. radicans*. At Graywood Hill there is a fine bush of the shrubby variety of the latter, *C. radicans* var. *speciosa*, but all the forms of the latter species that I have seen are rather poor in flower in comparison with *C. grandiflora*.

The trumpet-vine, *Bignonia capreolata*, is another American and rivals the Chinese campsis in beauty, but unfortunately all the forms that I have seen in cultivation in this country have poorly shaped and dull-coloured flowers. Wild specimens, seen in Florida, had flowers, in cymes of about four, of a beautiful shape, recalling a gentian, and of a pure, rich, orange-scarlet.

The foliage in both forms is singularly attractive, the evergreen, oblong-lanceolate leaves tending to appear one above another all the way up the stems in a most symmetrical and decorative manner. On a south wall two specimens planted about ten years ago have never suffered from frost and reached three-storeys height quite rapidly. Had they the superb flowers of the Florida wilding they would be a great acquisition. Are-importation is obviously much to be desired, as an evergreen, self-supporting climber with brilliant flowers in late summer is just what many gardeners are seeking.

Of the border flowers some of the most brilliant annuals have trumpet-flowers, and among these *Convolvulus tricolor*, in vivid blues, pinks and purples, is one of the most attractive. Being perfectly hardy one may risk a September sowing in open ground to produce plants to flower the following summer.

The pentstemons are also a trumpet-flowered family, on the whole. *P. Scouleri*, a compact growing, shrubby species, flourished for many years in our light loam and, though the flowers are only a somewhat slaty bluish-

lilac, their gay deportment made them attractive. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, as often happens with this species, all the plants died off. The gay reds and purples of the herbaceous hybrids of *P. Hartwegii* are most valuable, as they continue in bloom right into

winter. Sharp drainage seems to be the most important factor in keeping them going as good perennials; in any event they are easily propagated from seeds or cuttings.

The gentians offer a selection of blue trumpets, almost at ground level. Although hyper-particular as to precisely where they will flourish—or dwindle away—there is fortunately such a wide choice of species and hybrids that one or other is sure to be found willing to do well under the given soil and climate conditions. Daffodils, and narcissus too, provide us with yellow trumpets of almost every shade and shape. Thus flowers of this lovely form, of one kind or another, may grace our gardens all through the summer.



THE CHINESE CAMPSIS GRANDIFLORA, WITH SCARLET TRUMPET-SHAPED FLOWERS



A 'HYBRID BETWEEN *C. GRANDIFLORA* AND *C. RADICANS*: CAMPSIS TAGLIABUANA

WILLIAM CROTCH, MUSICIAN AND PAINTER

By HILDA BARRON

DR. WILLIAM CROTCH, composer and first Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, was born at Norwich on July 5, 1775, and died at Taunton on December 29, 1847. Testimony to his reputation as a musician has been paid at this time of his centenary, but his remarkable ability as an amateur artist has not been recognised. These notes on his life are accompanied by a small selection of his paintings, of which a few oils exist and a sketch-book of his skilful water-colour drawings.

His father, Michael, was a master carpenter, who as a Freeman's son was educated on the foundation of the grammar school, the family being descended from Edward Crotch, born in 1660. His mother, Isabella, was Crotch's second wife.

William's fame as the "Norwich musical child" rests chiefly on his musical precocity, probably exceeding that of any child before or since. When two, he could play on his father's home-made organ, and when three, was commanded to play at Buckingham House to George III and the Royal family on January 1, 1779.

There he played ten tunes on the organ seated on his mother's knee. Soon afterwards he was taken on an extensive tour of England and Scotland, performing at every town of note.

Dr. Burney, later his life-long friend and patron, in a paper read to the Royal Society noted that the child "played entirely by ear, could transpose into any key whatever he played, when a little over two." Charles and Samuel Wesley were "particularly kind" to him, also John Christian, son of Sebastian Bach, and the Hon. Daines Barrington.

Crotch's undoubted talent and love of drawing also developed early. Indeed, as he says in his autograph *Memoirs*, "My love of drawing seems to have made its appearance in less than a twelvemonth after that I showed for the sister art. I have ever found it a source of amusement, after the fatigue of professional duties, so that I cannot tell which I love best of these two sisters."

In May, 1779, he was drawing ships, soldiers, houses, fiddles and windmills in chalk on the floor. He was, however, left-handed. "I drew, I fenced, I threw a stone with my left hand," and this can plainly be recognised in some of the sketches which are reproduced here.

In the *London Magazine* for April, 1779, "one of a numerous genteel company" who had heard him perform remarked that "after playing more than an hour, he desired to be taken down, and have a piece of chalk. He then entertained himself, and the company with drawing the outlines of a grotesque head on the floor; his mother said it resembled an old grenadier he had seen in the Park that morning."

Visitors of rank and fashion gave him "presents of valuable drawing books, suited to the genius of the child." In 1781, in Edinburgh, he was drawing men-of-war.

Naturally a lively active child "full of antick tricks" he was dragged about from place to place. When back in London he "performed daily from the hours of one till four o'clock." He describes himself when nine years old as "timid, quiet, nervous, and altogether different from boys of the same age." He says pathetically, "I began to feel I was in a world of disappointment and woe," though he adds philosophically, "I blame no one. I do not see what could have been done for me."

Happily, in June, 1783, at Oxford he met the man who was afterwards his friend and tutor, the Rev. Alexander Schomberg.

Dr. Schomberg having remarked his great fondness for shipping, gave him later two prints of naval actions. He recalls the child's saying



1.—WILLIAM CROTCH. SELF PORTRAIT (?)

it was a great pity people could not paint the noise of the guns, as well as the smoke. "Placing the print on the music-stand young Crotch said, 'Now you shall have them both together,' and thumped and rumbled out a most formidable cannonade of bass notes with his knuckles, calling out, 'Well done my brave lads, we'll make them strike, now a broadside, etc., etc.'"

Dr. Schomberg wrote to his friend Burgess (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), "I thank you extremely for the opportunity you have given me in my old age of enjoying as great a treat as I ever felt, and yet I remember the days of Handel. Your little friend really does miracles. I sat at his side while he played, and actually wept." He describes the boy as having a laudable curiosity respecting anything he did not understand, and gave the child his first love of astronomy, an interest which never left him; he built himself an observatory soon after his marriage.

In a MS. which Schomberg wrote about his little friend and "for his eye alone," and which, after his death, came into Crotch's hands, he says, "It is odd that two such opposite traits should meet in so young a mind, as Oratorio and sieges, orchestra and fortifications, organs and eight and forty pounders. Beside, you are a delicate little animal, of no more bodily substance than an October hare, and by reason of your mode of life, and the actual fineness of your nerves, almost as timid."

His mother writes, "A Crotch every inch of him, reading morning, noon and night." He himself, on becoming acquainted in 1785 with two painters, Mr. Smith and Mr., afterwards Sir William, Beechey, says, "I remember the latter admiring the spirit I infused into my fencing figures. Mr. Beechey made a full-length portrait of me on a sofa, in the act of composing. I saw it again in 1806; it is now (1845) at the Royal Academy of Music." The early influence they exerted is shown by his remark, "I think there should be an Act of Parliament to forbid such men as Sir William Beechey, Sir George Beaumont and the Panoramia painters from destroying their own works."

After some sight-seeing in London and friendly intercourse with the Burney family he went to Cambridge in 1786 to assist Dr. Randall, of King's, at the organ, gaining musical experience and education. "His words 'good boy' still seem to sound in my ears" shows in some measure the help he gave the infirm old



2.—WINDSOR CASTLE, AUGUST, 1832. Oil



3.—WINDSOR. MAID OF HONOUR TOWER. 1832

man, who taught him much. Through Dr. Jowett, of Trinity, whom he described as "my warmest and most intimate friend and patron at Cambridge," he met the Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Peckham, and his wife. "Her drawings were admirable, and that of the east window at Carlisle created in me a love for this peculiar species of Gothic architecture, now called the Decorated style." The boy tells us he "made a great number of sketches in pen and pencil for Mr. Reeve, a Fellow of Caius, and received much benefit from his good humoured and witty remarks."

Dr. Schomberg had hinted the lad should be taught to play the violin with his right hand, but "what a provoking brat I must have been, I could learn nothing and could teach myself anything. Latin was hateful to me, Italian rather irksome when taught. Whenever I was taught to draw I failed."

In the spring of 1788 Mrs. Crotch assented to her son's removal to Oxford, where he came under the influence of John Baptiste Malchair, a violinist and drawing-master of long standing. Crotch became his enthusiastic admirer and was delighted when in 1793 he heard Malchair had praised some of his drawings. Becoming closely attached to the old man, he was most kind to him when his sight failed; "dear old Malchair was much with us, sometimes twice a day and regularly from 4 to 5 o'clock." After Malchair's death his nephew made Crotch "an invaluable gift" of all his Welsh views, taken in 1789-1793.

In the summer of 1789 his first oratorio was performed in Trinity Hall, and he made his "first sketches from nature" in the Isle of Wight.

Visiting Dr. Schomberg in Bath in 1791, he sketched and studied Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds's *Lectures on Painting* "on the principles of which I founded my own Lectures on Music."

He also came to know Mr. Bowles, an artist who possessed a Claude, a Vandyke, a Gainsborough, two or three by Sir George Beaumont, many fine Wilsons, and a portrait of his eldest daughter by Reynolds. On a visit to Hemmingford Abbots in 1798 he saw another of Sir

Joshua's portraits, remarking "All the carnations were gone, the clothes retained their colour, but the face was grey."

In 1794 he became Bachelor of Music, and in July, 1797, married my great-great-aunt Martha, "having admired her for 9, loved her for 7, and courted her for 5 years." She was the eldest daughter of Robert Bliss, bookseller, of Oxford, and a granddaughter of Nathaniel Bliss, Astronomer Royal.

In 1799 his only son, William Robert, was born, and his father took his degree of Doctor of Music.

Christmas, 1805, found them in London, where Dr. Crotch was lecturing and teaching. There he was quickly drawn into John Constable's circle and other Norwich artists, and living for some time near the gravel pits, Kensington, was on intimate terms with the Callcotts, an old Kensington family, also both musical and artistic.

His water-colour sketches are dated between 1832-1842. A large proportion are of Windsor Castle and scenery round Windsor; others were evidently done on holidays at Budleigh Salterton and Brighton.

If the self portrait (Fig. 1) is indeed by Dr. Crotch, his ability was remarkable. A small oil picture exists in the Constable manner, but the view of Windsor (Fig. 2) is probably more characteristic, recalling some of the Norwich School. His water-colours—pencil sketches with thin washes—suggest the influence of Gainsborough in some of the rural scenes, while the careful architectural drawings are quite reminiscent of the Sandbys' Windsor sketches. His friend Callcott's seascapes evidently inspired some of the charming marine views.

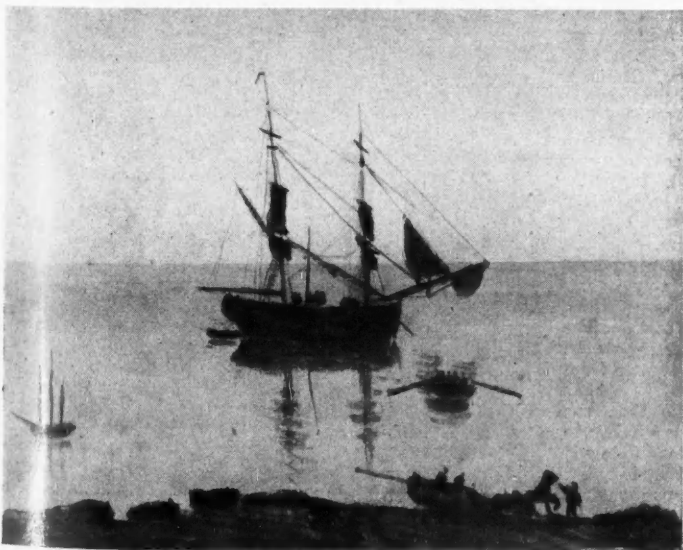
Figs. 1 and 2 are reproduced by kind permission of Mr. W. Bayford Stone.



4.—BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. 1832



5.—BRIGHTON FROM THE PIER HEAD. 1834



6.—THE ACHILLES, A COAL BRIG. BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. 1833



(Right) 7.—MY FRONT PARLOUR, BEDFORD PLACE. 1824

GLASSES WITH OPAQUE-TWIST STEMS AND FOLDED FEET

Written and Illustrated by E. M. ELVILLE

IN an article on drinking glasses with folded feet, which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 19, 1947, I referred to 18th-century glasses with opaque-twist stems and folded feet. An estimate was then given that probably in every 200 glasses with opaque-twist stems not more than three possess a folded foot. This estimate was more in the nature of a generalisation, since the rarity of a particular vessel depends very much on its characteristics. The subject, however, appeared to offer sufficient ground for a closer investigation, of which the following is a summarised account.

Opaque-twist stems began to make their appearance shortly after 1745, in which year the Glass Excise Act imposed a tax on the raw

glasses in all, a goblet, an ale glass, two wine-glasses and a cordial glass.

The art of making vessels with threads of white opaque glass was not an English invention as was the air-twist stem. It was known to the Romans, and was re-discovered early in the 16th century by the Venetians. The knowledge later spread to Bohemia, for we learn that Johannes Mathesius wrote in 1562, "formerly the churches had stained windows, but now colourless glass is common on which white threads are drawn with white enamel and which are said to be made in Silesia."

It will be recalled that the Verzelini goblet preserved at the British Museum and dated 1586 is encircled on the bowl with two white enamel threads.

It did not require a great deal of imagination to apply threaded glass to the stems of drinking vessels, but it is still a controversial point with writers as to where and when it occurred. It is agreed, however, that the practice was introduced into this country from the Continent and enjoyed a brief period of fashion during the interval between the Glass Excise Acts of 1745 and 1777, at which later date enamel glass was included for the first time in the tax.

At the beginning of the period, the opaque-twist stems were somewhat crude, but as the technique was mastered the glass-maker elaborated his stems into countless varieties of patterns.

The method of preparing the glass for an opaque-twist stem was as follows. Canes of white opaque glass were first drawn and a number of short lengths set round the inner corrugated surface of a cylindrical iron mould or cup a few inches in height. The whole mass was heated and a soft blob of molten flint glass attached to a gathering iron dropped upon it. On withdrawing the blob of glass from the mould it was found that the white opaque canes had become attached to its surface. The whole was then re-heated and a further gathering of colourless glass made to cover the canes so that they became firmly embedded in the core of a mass of transparent glass. A second iron was then attached to the free end of the mass, which was drawn and at the same time twisted into a rod several feet in length until the requisite thickness was obtained. Short lengths cut from this rod formed the stems of the drinking glasses.

It has often been suggested that the rods had some additional treatment during the manufacture of the glasses, such, for example, as a further gathering of metal over the stem to facilitate the attachment of the bowl and foot. Apart from such a step being quite unnecessary, it is a comparatively simple matter to prove that the rods were used for stems in the condition in which they were drawn; they had no further treatment. Most opaque-twists, and, for that matter, air-twists also, have slight surface irregularities on their stems which, on careful inspection, are found to be in the form of shallow grooves, more perceptible to the touch than to the eye. They follow the pattern in spiral form round the stem of the glass, indicating that the stem was the original rod as drawn and twisted from the mould.

It is safe to assume that the earliest efforts of the glass-maker to form opaque-twist stems followed very much on the lines of the air-twist, the tiny canes of white opaque glass taking the place of the air threads to form a simple multiple spiral pattern. Later, as he grew more proficient, the glass-maker found that by gathering

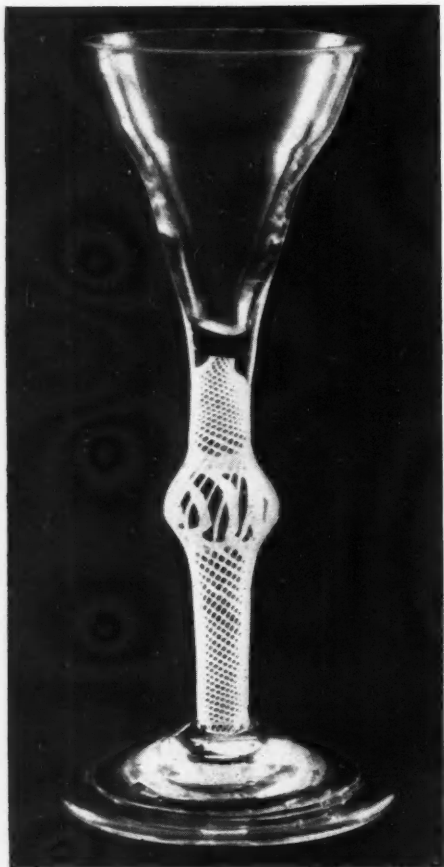
a larger quantity of glass to cover the canes, so that they were more deeply embedded in the glass, he could obtain the effect of a gauze tube running through the core of the stem. When the canes were placed in circular form, but in an eccentric manner in the mould, they formed a gauze as before, but in spiral form, the pattern being referred to as a spiral gauze such as is shown in Fig. 3. By grouping the threads he could obtain the effect of bands, and by flattening the enamel canes in the first part of the process strips or tapes were formed from which the well-known corkscrew pattern was made.

Thus, by modifying the arrangement, number, shape and size of the original canes in the mould, any number of intricate patterns could be produced. Elaboration grew, also, when it was found that the process of picking up the canes from the mould could be repeated in one formation, resulting in a double series, one twist inside the other. These double series twists soon became the more popular variety. A treble series exists, but examples are very rare.

Although the opaque-twist stems were fashionable only for a short period, over 100 varieties have been recorded, of which about 70 per cent. consist of double series twists.

Turning now to the glasses illustrated it will be noted that those in Figs. 1 and 2 both contain knops. Knopping of any sort was uncommon after 1745, the general tendency being to produce lighter vessels; since opaque-twist stems were introduced after 1745, therefore, the straight stem was the normal one with this type of glass.

The wine-glass shown in Fig. 1 has a multiple spiral stem with a central knop and the foot is folded, three characteristics which point to its being an early one in the series. Glasses of this type are very rare, firstly because only about 5 per cent. of all opaque-twists have knopped

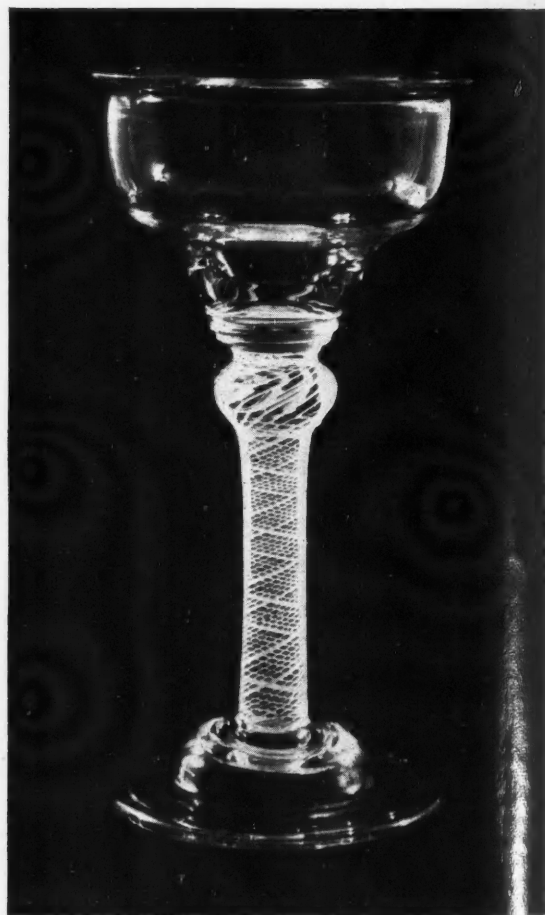


1.—WINE-GLASS WITH OGEE BOWL, SINGLE SERIES OPAQUE-TWIST STEM AND FOLDED FOOT; HEIGHT 6 INS.

materials used in glass-making; the Act did not, however, include enamel glass or, as it is termed to-day, white opaque glass. On the other hand, it was responsible for the disappearance of the folded foot. The occurrence of both these characteristics, therefore, the folded foot and an opaque-twist stem, in the same glass is rare because they are obviously features that belong to different periods.

Bate (*English Table Glass*) knew of only two such glasses; Wilmer (*Early English Glass*) two; while F. Buckley (*History of Old English Glass*) mentioned three so-called "Norwich" glasses with opaque-twist stems and folded feet and also referred to one at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It has a large ogee bowl, an opaque-twist stem consisting of a simple central spiral of a few threads only and a folded foot which is badly broken.

Percival (*The Glass Collector*) is another writer who had knowledge of only three such glasses, and Francis (*Old English Drinking Glasses*) stated that, although an occasional opaque-twist is found with a folded foot, such specimens are very rare. He possessed five



2.—RARE CHAMPAGNE GLASS WITH SINGLE SERIES OPAQUE-TWIST STEM, DOMED AND FOLDED FOOT; HEIGHT 7 INS.; circa 1750



3.—GOBLET WITH BUCKET BOWL, OPAQUE-TWIST STEM WITH SPIRAL GAUZE AND WIDE FOLDED FOOT; HEIGHT 7 INS.

stems and secondly because not more than two glasses in a hundred of those have a folded foot. The ogee bowl is characteristic of this type of glass with a knopped stem and a single series twist.

The champagne glass shown in Fig. 2 is a further example of a knopped opaque-twist stem, the knop in this specimen being at the head of the stem where it is surmounted by collars. It will be noted that the foot is domed, an exceptionally rare characteristic in opaque-stemmed glasses but one that is almost invariably a feature of champagne glasses. Moreover, the foot is folded.

It would be a difficult matter indeed to attempt to assess the rarity of such a glass, for it has a number of points any one of which gives the glass rarity but which, occurring together, raise it to a position of great distinction.

The glass is interesting also in that it is a late survival of the tazza-shaped bowl in champagne glasses. At the beginning of the 18th century, the tazza shape began to lengthen, the bowl becoming narrower and deeper until, at the end of the first quarter of the century, it had almost assumed the proportions of a capacious wine-glass. During this period, however, champagne glasses still retained the characteristic domed and folded foot and collars.

Occasional specimens were later made with air-twist or opaque-twist stems and shallow bowls, but all such that were definitely used for champagne are rare, as the prevailing fashion for champagne glasses, throughout the opaque-twist period at least, was the long narrow bowl and tall stem similar to the ale glasses.

The goblet illustrated in Fig. 3 has a bucket bowl, opaque-twist stem with spiral gauze and a wide folded foot. Bucket bowls, although popular with the decorative artists of the times, such as the wheel engravers and the enamel painters, were not common with opaque-twist stems, probably not more than one in a hundred of all opaque-twists having a bucket bowl. When such a glass has in addition the unusual characteristics of a single series twist and a folded foot, it becomes elevated to the company of rare glasses.

The glass illustrated in Fig. 4 is one of the so-called "Norwich" or "Lynn" glasses. They are all exceptionally fine quality glasses, simple and admirably proportioned, and are distinguished by their horizontally ribbed bowls, the ribs or grooves varying from two to seven lines. Tumblers and decanters are also found with the horizontal grooving, made presumably in the same glass-house.

It has been suggested that the grooves were intended to act as graduations indicating a measure of the liquid served in them, but no relationship appears to exist between the various capacities of the divided portions among different glasses. It is much more likely, however, that the horizontal ribbing was a decorative feature.



4.—"NORWICH" GLASS WITH SIX RINGS ON BOWL, DOUBLE SERIES OPAQUE-TWIST STEM AND FOLDED FOOT; HEIGHT 5½ INS.; circa 1760

There is little or no evidence that the glasses emanated from either Norwich or King's Lynn. No record has been found in any old history, map or newspaper of glass-making at Norwich during the 18th century. The evidence for King's Lynn, however, is a little stronger. Sand was obtained for glass-making from this area in the 18th century and, as a point of interest, is still obtained to-day for a large number of glass-houses throughout the country. Glass-making in the vicinity was, therefore, a likely occurrence. Indeed, it is known that a glass-house existed there at least until 1747 and that a Norwich glass-seller was advertising "the best price given for flint glass" up to 1768, which presumably would be cullet for a glass-house. It is not known, however, why the ribbed glasses should be associated with the glass-house at Lynn. Hartshorne (*Old English Glasses*) mentioned that there were reasons but unfortunately gave no clue as to their nature.

The glass illustrated in Fig. 4 has an ogee bowl with six well-defined horizontal grooves, a double series opaque-twist stem—gauze cork-screw with a pair of five-ply spiral bands—and a wide folded foot. In addition to this specimen I know of glasses with two and three bands

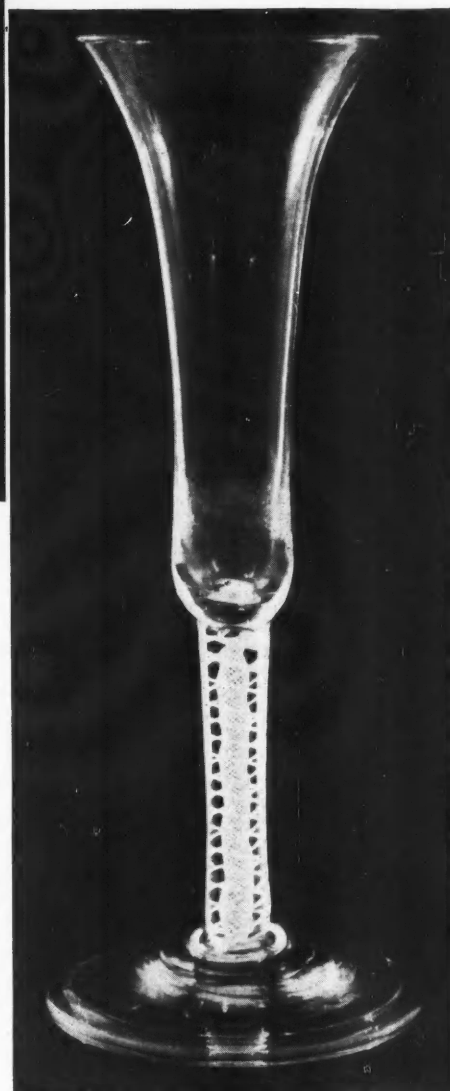
respectively, opaque-twist stems and folded feet, but I have not heard of similar glasses with four, five or seven bands.

The last glass to be considered is that shown in Fig. 5. It has an unusually tall bell bowl, double series opaque-twist stem—multiple spiral around a central spiral gauze—and a wide and well set up folded foot. The glass is no less than 8¼ ins. in height.

The bell bowl is not common with opaque-twists, occurring not more than four or five times in every hundred glasses, while the tall bell, such as that shown in Fig. 5, occurs much less frequently. The folded foot is a rare characteristic among glasses of this type.

Glasses with opaque-twist stems and folded feet are scarce and well worth the collecting. On the other hand, all glasses with opaque-twist stems have a peculiar attraction. The dazzling whiteness of the stems with their infinite variety of lace-like patterns gives them vitality and freshness. It is remarkable, too, that, although they passed through a period when the form of most other vessels was influenced by the economies enforced by the Glass Excise Act, they still retained their excellent proportions.

A collector who delights in amassing sets of glasses will find an interesting but formidable task if the object is merely the single series glasses, while the collection of all three series of opaque-twists might well be the occupation of a life-time. On the other hand, glasses with opaque stems and folded feet, because of their unusual characteristics, scarceness and higher value, provide a much more absorbing pursuit.



5.—ALE GLASS WITH UNUSUALLY LONG WAISTED BOWL, DOUBLE SERIES OPAQUE-TWIST STEM AND FOLDED FOOT; HEIGHT 8¼ INS.

CORRESPONDENCE

CROPS ON THE BY-PASS

SIR,—It was good of Cincinnatus to comment, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 16, on our grass verge scheme. I should like to emphasise, however, that this is experimental and limited in its scope.

We have obtained formal agreement in principle from the Ministry of Transport, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Middlesex County Council, and as a start are to plough up the grass verges on either side of the Barnet by-pass for one mile. We have selected a stretch of land which is a heavy clay, poor soil, planted with Lombardy poplars—land which is in many ways unsuitable for the purpose of growing corn—to try to demonstrate what can be done under adverse circumstances.

It is our earnest hope that this small experiment will be followed by local authorities throughout the country, so as to bring under cultivation many thousands of acres of land at present lying unproductive.

Let me add in conclusion that the credit for the idea lies not with me, but with Mr. John Reach, who tried during the war years to interest the various authorities in such a scheme.—E. TREMLETT (Major-General), *Tractors (London) Ltd.*, The White House, Bentley Heath, Barnet, Hertfordshire.

EARLY PICTURES OF WINTER SPORTS

SIR,—Apropos of Mrs. Lee Booker's question in your issue of January 9 whether the painting you illustrated of winter sports at Montmorency, dated 1827, is the earliest picture of mountain winter sports, though there may be no previous illustration of specifically mountain winter sports, pictures of people at play on the ice of course go back much earlier.

Pieter Brueghel the elder (1530-1569) a genre artist who showed particular interest in the effects of the seasons and a copy of whose book of paintings I possess, recorded adults and children at play on the ice, as did Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) in his water-colour drawing *Skating*



SKATING SCENE, BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

See letter: Early Pictures of Winter Sports

Scene (in the possession of the British Museum), a reproduction of which I enclose.—FRANCIS W. HAWCROFT, 56, Westbourne Terrace, W.2.

RAISING TROUT IN A GARDEN POND

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 16 about the raising of a trout in a garden pond, in 1918, when I was a patient in Cork Military Hospital, Mr. John Day, a member of a well-known Cork family, kindly showed me his garden pond, which was similar in size to that of your correspondent, namely 3 to 4 ft. deep, 9 ft. long, and 3 or 4 ft. broad, with water-lilies, etc., in the centre, and fed by a small stream of running water.

"Now watch," said Mr. Day, as he threw some worms into the water. Instantly there was a great commotion of several large fish struggling for the food, after which they retired under the central growth. Mr. Day informed me that several years previously he had brought back some small trout alive from the River Lee and had put them into the pond and that these large fish were the survivors. I think there were four of them. None was under 2 lb., and I rather fancy that two of them were at least 3 lb. and over.—R. G. CURREY (Lt.-Colonel), 50g, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

LONG-HEADED AXES

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in your issue of January 9 about a long-headed axe thought to come from East Yorkshire, there has been one here for many years. When I engaged a keeper-woodman from Durham a few years ago, he brought a similar axe with him, and he uses it regularly for tree-felling.—F. E. G. BAGSHAW, Ford Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire.

OLD MAP CURIOSITIES

SIR,—I was much interested in G. Bernard Hughes's article of January 16 on old English maps, and thought you might care to see a photograph of a page from a very rare French map-book in the possession of Dr. Harold Whitaker, of Lightcliffe, Halifax, an acknowledged authority who has compiled several volumes on English county maps.

This map-book, entitled *L'Angleterre*, is dated 1828 and contains maps that are strangely limited in geographical information, but ingenious in illustration. The page shown in my photograph is typical of the remainder: a diminutive area devoted to Merioneth and Montgomeryshire is sandwiched between a waterfall at the top of the page and at the bottom a variety of

fish, a hare, etc., introduced presumably as a bait to sportsmen. Engraved below are the names of those responsible for this curious production: A. M. Perret del., and Me. Migneret Sc.

My other photograph depicts the title panel of John Ogilby's strip-map (1675), *The Road From London to Aberystwith*. The particular interest of this decorative feature is the man on the right using a way-wiser—an instrument which bygone cartographers or their assistants pushed before them when measuring out distances. One of these comparatively rare instruments is preserved at Knaresborough Castle, Yorkshire; it was used by "Blind Jack" Metcalfe who, despite his affliction, made several roads in the neighbourhood, using his way-wiser exactly as seen in this map-illustration.—G. B. W., Leeds.

A MAP OF STUART TIMES

SIR,—I possess a map of England and Wales printed in Amsterdam for sale in London and drawn by one Nicholas Visscher, who dedicated it to His Majesty King James II. There is no date on the map, but from the dedication I assume it was published during that King's reign, i.e. between 1685 and 1688.

The description and title of the map are in an extremely elaborate and well executed shield surmounted by the Royal arms, and the coast-line throughout is edged with black and gold. Some of the tinting of the hilly areas is also beautifully carried out.

The map's chief interest seems to lie in lines drawn between different towns and places which show also the number of miles between them. Many of the roads, too, are shown.

I believe that at one time the map belonged to Samuel Pepys, the diarist, from a descendant of whom it was acquired by an uncle of mine, who subsequently gave it to me.—E. H. M. LUCKOCK, Sidbrook House, near Taunton, Somerset.

TITLE PANEL FROM OGILBY'S *THE ROAD FROM LONDON TO ABERYSTWITH*, (1675), AND (right) A PAGE FROM *L'ANGLETERRE*, A FRENCH MAP-BOOK OF 1828

See letter: Old Map Curiosities



MONUMENT TO A NAVY COMMISSIONER

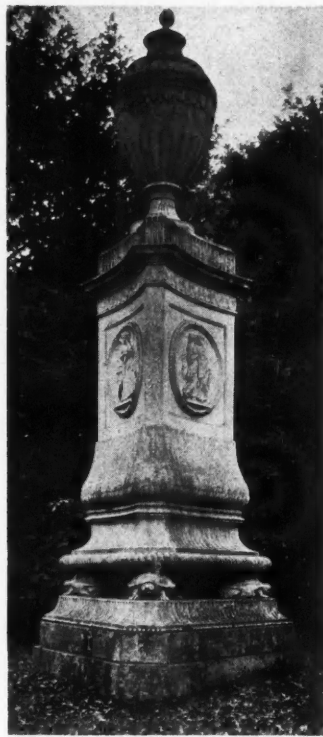
SIR,—In answer to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's request (January 16) for information about the identity of Timothy Brett whose monument is in the gardens at Mount Edgcumbe, Cornwall, on page 257 of Volume 3 of Mr. Joseph Polsue's *History of Cornwall*, generally known as *Lake's Parochial History of Cornwall*, there is a brief reference to this monument, as follows: "In the cypress grove is a monument to the memory of Timothy Brett, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Navy, who about the year 1770 erected the obelisk on the Knoll near Cremyll, as a memorial of his regard for his friend George, third Baron Edgcumbe."

One would assume that Timothy Brett was at one time stationed at Plymouth, and that on his death this monument was erected by the Mount Edgcumbes in his memory. The Admiralty Lists of that period might help further in the matter.—CECIL B. LYNE, Trewith, Edgcumbe Avenue, Newquay, Cornwall.

COADE STONE MONUMENTS

SIR,—The triangular monument at Mount Edgcumbe illustrated in your issue of January 16 raises a further question: who was the designer of this monument with its motif of the tortoise bearing on their scaly backs the weight of a tall triangular urn-crowned pedestal? There are at least two other monuments of this pattern, one at Stanmer Park, Sussex, the other at Brocklesby, Lincolnshire, although the one at Brocklesby is surmounted by an urn of a different design.

The Stanmer monument, depicted in the first photograph, was erected in June, 1775, to the memory of Frederick Frankland, Esq. (died 1768) "by his ever affectionate and most truly grateful son and daughter, Thomas Lord Pelham and Anne his wife." The Brocklesby monument, illustrated in the other photograph, is



TRIANGULAR MONUMENTS AT STANMER PARK, SUSSEX (1775) AND BROCKLESBY, LINCOLNSHIRE (1785)

See letter: Coads Stone Monuments

well. The design looks as though it might have been due to James Wyatt, but possibly the sculptor was responsible for both the design and the reliefs.—C. L., London, S.W.1.

[Mrs. Esdaile, to whom we submitted our correspondent's letter, writes:—The three monuments, I should say, are of Coads stone beyond doubt, but unfortunately the Coads catalogues are not helpful as to individual designers, who ranged from John Bacon and Thomas Banks (both R.A.s) to James Essex, and very rarely can individual designs be attached to an individual sculptor, although now and again a type may be mentioned in histories of individual houses as by a particular sculptor, or there may be a signed original which was copied in Coads stone. It is not possible to be more specific.—ED.]

JOHN HUNTER'S CHAIR

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in *Collectors' Questions* of December 5, 1947, about a Yorkshire spindle-back chair of the second half of the 18th century, I enclose a photograph of a chair of similar pattern.

This chair is noteworthy for several reasons. It was the chair of John Hunter (1728-93), the great physiologist and surgeon, and it now stands at the top of the stairs in the Radcliffe Science Library in Oxford, where I photographed it in 1939 by kind permission of the Bodleian Library. Its timber has been identified as Australian blackwood (*Acacia melanoxylon*), much used by coopers for making oil casks, which was apparently brought by Captain Cook and Mr. Joseph Banks from New Holland in 1771 and given to Hunter, who had it made into chairs for his wife.

Am I correct in thinking that very little Australian timber was used in furniture made before 1840, and that its utilisation on a large scale is a 20th-century development?—J. D. U. W., Berkshire.

[This chair has a resemblance to the rush-seated vernacular spindle-back, but it is a chair of good finish, and very different proportion. Australian blackwood does not seem to have been used for furniture either in England or Australia before about 1840. It is not mentioned as used for



furniture in Royle's *Descriptive Catalogue of the Woods Commonly Employed* (1843). Even to-day the wood, though used in Australia for "railway carriages, wheelwrights' work, barrel staves, gunstocks, etc.," is used only to a limited extent in this country.—ED.]

THE HUNTINGDONSHIRE MUSHROOM

SIR,—You may care to reproduce the attached handbill, which I am able to send you through the courtesy of Mr. R. C. B. Gardner. From the tone of its phraseology, it is evident that political canvassing at the end of the 18th century had progressed little beyond the riotous behaviour depicted in Hogarth's election paintings nearly fifty years before.

The particular interest of this bill, however, lies in its attack on Lancelot Brown, son of "Capability," the landscape gardener, who also receives a share of uncomplimentary allusion in the reference to his early working days at Stowe. Brown junior, who was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, had been an unsuccessful candidate in the Coker mouth election of 1774, but in 1784 was nominated as Tory Member for Huntingdon Borough by the fourth Earl of Sandwich—the Neighbouring Peer mentioned. He applied for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds three years later, since Lord Sandwich wished to put in another politically minded friend to whom he was under an obligation. On

the Earl's death in 1792 Brown was again nominated, this time for Huntingdon County, a seat which the family wished to be kept warm for Lord Hinchinbrooke, who was still a minor. It is possible that "Verax" conceals the identity of Lord Carysfort, who on several occasions made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to gain the county seat.—DOROTHY STROUD, W.C.2.

A COUNTRY BOOK-SELLER'S WARES

SIR,—I think you may be interested in the following country bookseller's announcement, taken from the cover of an account book for 1736:

William Reeve, Grocer in Wisbech selleth Bibles and Common-Prayer Books of all sizes; Testaments, Spelling-Books, Psalters, Primers, and Horn-Books; History-Books and Play-Books; Merchant's Account-Books; as Journals, Ledgers, &c. Shop-Books, Pocket-Books, Cyphering-Books, Letter-Cases, and Copy-Books; Shining-Sand.

He also Sells Slates, Slate-Pens, Pencils, Wax, Wafers, Wax-Candles, Cards, Pounce, Sand-Boxes, Ink-horns, Quills, Pens, Holman's Ink-Powder, and the best sorts of black and red ink.

Also great Choice of Paper-Hangings of the newest Figures, very proper for Rooms, Closets or Stair-Cases; Cartridge-Paper, Marble-Paper, Gilt and Black-Edged Paper; all sorts of Writing-Paper, and several other sorts of Stationery Wares.

And also large Maps of any Part of the World; fine Draughts of Buildings; Pictures for Chimney-Pieces, Mezzo Tinto Prints, and other curious Pictures; With Flutes, Fiddle-Sticks, Screws, Bridges, Silver Strings, Roman and common Strings; Fishing-Tackle, and Leaf-Gold.

At the same Place also any Person may be furnished with Chapman's Books, Story-Books, Song-Books, and Pictures of all Sorts:

Wholesale or retale, at Reasonable Rates.

Note, Any Person may be furnish'd with any Sort of Books as Cheap as at London, giving a Fortnight's Notice, He also Buys Old Books.

Some items in this notice seem

May 11th. 1792.

The Huntingdonshire Mushroom.

In Answer to a very indecent and scurrilous Hand-bill, that has been lately distributed with great industry in the County, the following rational QUERIES are humbly submitted to the Honest FREE-HOLDERS for their Consideration.

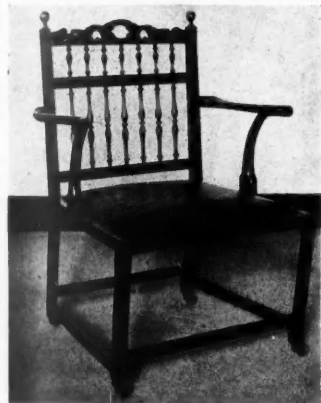
I. Whether it is not more their Interest to Elect a MAN who has been cruelly reviled by the opposite Party as the DEVIL ALMIGHTY, but who is Ready and Willing to stand forth to defend their Rights from being Trampled on and treated with Contempt and Indignity?

II. Or whether they will make choice of a Person who (from his Youth, up even until now) has been the Tool of a Neighbouring Peer, and who can never have any CAPABILITY to render them even the slightest Services, being literally a meer MUSHROOM, sprung from a Dung-hill in STOWE-GARDENS.

V E R A X.

A HUNTINGDONSHIRE ELECTION HANDBILL OF 1792

See letter: The Huntingdonshire Mushroom



A CHAIR OF SPINDLE-BACK TYPE WHICH FORMERLY BELONGED TO THE GREAT PHYSIOLOGIST AND SURGEON JOHN HUNTER

See letter: John Hunter's Chair

ten years later. The first Baron Yarborough erected it "to the memory of George Holgate of Melton, a tenant and a friend, who as a mark of gratitude and regard bequeathed to him a small estate at Cadney and who deserves to be remembered in the class of farmers as a most excellent character, entirely free from affectation of anything above that respectable station in life to which he was so great a credit. He died in 1785."

It is probable that all three monuments are in Coads stone, which would explain the reproduction of the same pattern. The relief of Hermes leaning against a pillar appears on all three monuments and the other subject is common to the versions at Mount Edgcumbe and Stanmer and probably to that at Brocklesby as

particularly curious to-day; for example, those for use in writing—white sand, pounce, etc.

Pounce was a fine powder used to prevent the ink from spreading or to prepare surfaces of parchment. Wafers were small discs of flour mixed with gum and non-poisonous colouring matter or gelatine which when moistened were used to seal letters, attach papers, or receive the impression of a seal.

Primers were elementary books for teaching children to read; horn-books might be either treatises on the rudiments of a subject or a leaf of paper containing the alphabet (sometimes with the addition of the ten digits, some elements of spelling and the Lord's Prayer) and mounted on a tablet of wood. Roman strings were catgut strings imported from Italy and considered very strong.—M. F. LLOYD-PRICHARD (Mrs.), 75, Panton Street, Cambridge.



A WOOL-TEASER OF THE 18th-CENTURY?

See letter: For Carding Wool?

A 14th-CENTURY CLOCK

SIR,—Although you have published photographs of remarkable clocks in COUNTRY LIFE from time to time, I do not remember having seen one of the *Horologium Mirabile Lundense*—the clock in the cathedral of Lund, Sweden, which is one of the oldest in Europe.

This clock was built about 1380, but was not used after about 1600. In 1837 it was dismantled and only the upper dial remained on the wall. It was re-assembled during the first world war and restarted in 1923. My photograph shows it as it is to-day, with the original upper dial and a lower dial reconstructed from information gained from fragments and drawings. This lower dial consists of a calendar engrossed on vellum, showing the year, month, day of the month, day of the week, the feasts of saints formerly observed in Lund, the characters of the year in the solar cycle, the Golden Number, the dates of Lent, Easter and Whitsun, all for the next two hundred years. The dial is surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac, and has the patron saint of Lund, St. Lawrence, at its centre. All the dates are according to mediæval reckoning.

Above the lower dial is a figure of the Virgin with the infant Christ, and at noon a procession which includes the three Magi does homage to them. This procession takes place while the clock plays *In dulci jubilo*, but it is not certain that this was the original hymn.

In the spandrels of the upper dial are four figures, two with crowns, a third with a turban, plaited beard and drooping moustache, and the fourth with a crown of unusual design. The spandrels of the lower dial contain figures which may be apostles. Various explanations have been given of all these figures, but their identity is uncertain.

The clock is surmounted by two armed and mounted knights who strike each other with swords each time the bell strikes. This clock and

the one at Wells are probably the only ancient clocks in which the hours are struck by armoured horsemen. The figures are not the original ones, but are a reconstruction made according to a description written in 1570 by Mogens Madsen, the Rector of Lund.

At noon the clock strikes four double strokes on two bells in the north tower. These are followed by 12 hour strokes on a large bell in the same tower, together with 12 sword strokes by the knights. Next, two trumpeters beside the Virgin raise their trumpets and play the hymn. A door opens, revealing a herald, who is followed by the Magi and their servants. The Magi bow as they pass the Virgin, but the others are apparently considered unworthy to salute her.

The restoration of this wonderful clock was the work of Theodor Wahlin, architect to the cathedral of Lund, to whose booklet I am indebted for much of the information given above.—EDWARD RICHARDSON, 27, Villiers Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

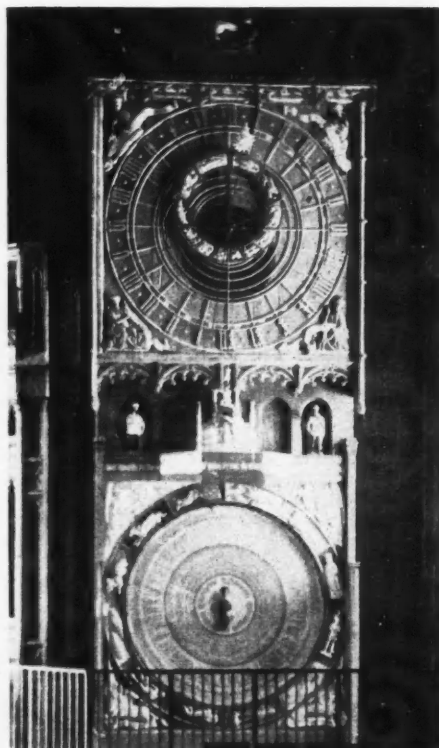
FOR CARDING WOOL?

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Clifford Smith's letter in your issue of October 17, 1947, concerning a wool-winder, you may care to see the enclosed photograph of an appliance which, judging by the turning, is 18th century and which I suggest may have been used for carding wool. This operation was possibly a preliminary one to that carried out on the wool-winder.

The bottom row of this instrument's teeth are upcurved, the upper incurved, upcurved or downcurved, and it was on these teeth that the wool was presumably put to be teased. Can any of your readers suggest to what purpose the sliding platform was put?

Apparently a very similar domestic appliance is still used by Arab women in Algeria, who were to be seen during the war teasing wool for hours on end.

This wool-teaser measures 19 ins. from front to rear and stands 16 ins. high. It is one of a number of such articles of past domestic convenience collected and preserved by Mr. S. W. Wolsey.—L. G. G. RAMSEY, *The East India and Sports Club, St. James's Square, S.W.1.*



THE CLOCK IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LUND, SWEDEN

See letter: A 14th-century Clock



THE PORCH OF SUNNINGWELL CHURCH, BERKSHIRE

See letter: A Heptagonal Porch

48 MILES TO BOW BELLS

SIR,—I was delighted to find on the Lewes-Isfield road recently one of the old milestones set up by a former Duke of Newcastle, between his home in Sussex and London. All too many have been removed in road-widening operations.

This one, as shown in my photograph, has recently had a new coat of paint. It is in the form of a rebus: i.e. 48 (miles to) Bow Bells. The "stone" is of Sussex iron, with the bow and bells embossed on it.—GEORGE GIRLING, *Fourways, West Marden, Chichester, Sussex.*

LINKS WITH HENRY WISE

SIR,—I was much interested to read in your issue of January 9 Mr. Hussey's article on Henry Wise, gardener to William III and Queen Anne, as my mother is a direct descendant of his, through the younger son, John. We have never been able to trace Henry Wise's parents, though he claimed descent from Richard Wise, of Cadiston, or Caddlestone, in Warwickshire, who in turn claimed descent from the Wises, of Sydenham, in Devon. Neither claim has ever been proved, and the whereabouts of Cadiston is unknown. There is a theory that Cassington in Oxfordshire may have been the place, as there was a family of that name settled there in the 16th century.

Henry Wise also translated one or two books from the French, by de la Quintinye, in collaboration with London, one of which, dated 1699, *The Compleat Gard'ner*, is in my possession. It is in quite good condition, and has some interesting illustrations.

When the Wises left Warwick Priory, early in the last century, it was sold to Thomas Lloyd, and was ultimately transported to America, as stated in your article. There are no Wises left in Warwickshire now, of either branch, but there are some memorials in St. Mary's, Warwick, and Leamington Parish Church; and there is also a Wise Street in the latter place, together with a few hundred acres at Whitnash, including a Sydenham Farm.—R. W. SKIRVING, *Lawns, Shilton, Oxfordshire.*

A HEPTAGONAL PORCH

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of the porch of Sunningwell Church in Berkshire, about five miles south-east of Oxford. Inside the porch are some printed notes, with a comment that the structure is remarkable not only for its combination of Gothic and Tudor Renaissance features but also for being a heptagon—a form that is rare if not unique. The exact date of the building is not known, but it falls



INSCRIPTION IN THE FORM OF A REBUS ON A SUSSEX MILESTONE

See letter: 48 Miles to Bow Bells

within a period when there was little construction either of new churches or of additions to churches, since the Church was already amply provided. It was the work of John Jewel, either when he was Rector of Sunningwell (about 1551) or when he was Bishop of Salisbury (1560-71). In either case, would not this porch represent an uncommonly early example of the classical column on a pedestal?

Despite the crumbling of the stone, a lozenge or diamond may be discerned on the pedestals below the columns flanking the door. Is this a normal detail or a rebus on the name Jewel?—BYWAYMAN, *Berkshire.*

LORD BURLINGTON'S MONUMENT

SIR,—I was much interested by Mr. Moore's suggestion (January 9) that the Boyle brasses at Londesborough, (Continued on page 239)

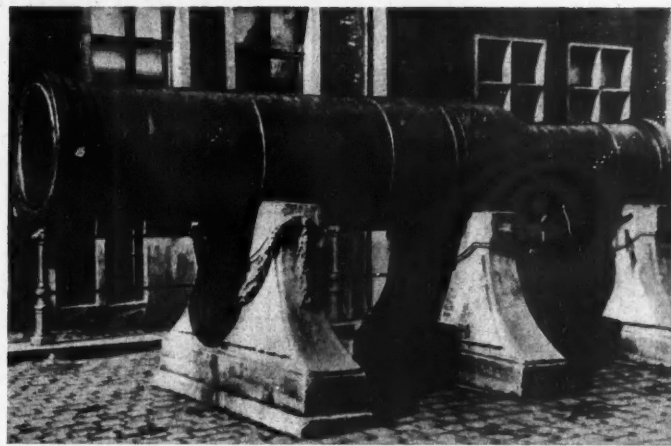
near York, were coffin plates. If they were, one or two are of exceptional size, I think.

It is good that there is to be a supplement to Mills Stephenson for later brasses, of which there are various signed examples in Yorkshire and elsewhere awaiting recording. But I must admit to gross carelessness in forgetting the avowed date limits. When Mr. Griffin and I went monument hunting together we were far more concerned with sculpture than with brasses. At Marsworth, where he discovered Evesham's signature on the brass and reported it to me, both sculpture and brasses were concerned; and he was generously delighted that the name meant something to me and begged me to use his discovery of the signatures there and at Lynsted and to write my article in the *Times* which first gave Evesham his place as an artist and paved the way for further discoveries.—KATHARINE A. ESDAILE, *Leam End, West Hoothly, Sussex.*

PROTOTYPE OF A FAMOUS SCOTTISH CANNON?

Sir,—The enclosed photograph is of the 15th-century cannon called *Dulle Griet* (Wicked Meg), which stands in the town of Ghent on the place formerly called Wannekens Aard, a name which would be comprehensible anywhere in Hampshire.

The similarity between *Dulle Griet* and the cannon called Mons Meg in the Castle at Edinburgh is striking. The latter is believed to have been



DULLE GRIET (WICKED MEG), THE 15th-CENTURY CANNON AT GHENT

See letter: Prototype of a Famous Scottish Cannon?

founded in the Low Countries, but details are very hard to come by.

The known dates are significant. *Dulle Griet* bears the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece, established in 1430, and must, therefore, have been made between that year and 1452, when she was used in the siege of Oudenaarde. In the latter year Mons Meg was at the siege of Threave Castle. Seeing, moreover, that the queen of James II of Scotland was a Fleming, Maria of Gueldres, and that

James II was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, there is a distinct possibility that *Dulle Griet* is the prototype of the famous Scottish cannon.—W. H. FINLAYSON, 4, Randolph Road, Stirling.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Wild Goats on Bute.—Apropos of your correspondence about wild goats in Britain, about twenty-five years ago there was a herd on the Kyles of Bute side of the Island of Bute, and I

venture to think they are still there.—SAMSON SMITH, 122, New Walk, Leicester.

Reminiscences of a Norwegian Diplomatist.—I am working on a life of Fridtjof Nansen, who, when Norwegian Minister in London in 1906-7, used to hunt in the shires, and should be most grateful if anyone who has any recollections of him hunting and so on would communicate with me.—HAROLD LOWENSTEIN, 9, Great Chapel Street, W.1.

Weed-killers and Game Birds.—In view of recent correspondence about the effect of weed-killers on wild life, it may be of interest to give the results of experiments carried out by the I.C.I. Game Services at Fordingbridge, Hampshire, to ascertain the effect of a new selective weed-killer on game birds. Three pens were used, each containing 5 cock and 5 hen pheasants. The first pen was given double the recommended dressing, the second the normal agricultural dose, and the third was left untreated as a control. The birds obviously did not find the weed-killer obnoxious, as the grass was eaten and trodden down equally in all the pens. Legs, feet and feathers were unaffected. The birds were weighed weekly and all showed increases. After five weeks all traces of the weed-killer had disappeared from the land, and a brace of birds from each pen was killed. Post-mortem examination showed that there were no differences in the internal organs.—ED.

THE PASSING OF A GENERATION

By BERNARD DARWIN

THE death of Mr. Alexander Stuart in his ninetieth year will be regretted by all who ever met him and so came under the spell of a most charming and friendly personality. It cannot perhaps be expected to mean much to the world of golf of to-day. Yet even the most modern and the least romantically attached to the past may forgive a word or two about one who was not only in his day a very fine golfer, but was the *Ultimus Romanorum*, the last survivor of an illustrious generation of golfers.

When the Amateur Championship was first played in the 'eighties, before Freddie Tait and Harold Hilton had appeared on the scene (and they must now sound almost prehistoric to many people), there was a small band of outstanding players. The three leaders were beyond question John Ball, Horace Hutchinson, and J. E. Laidlay, and after them there were some four more—Leslie Balfour, Mure Fergusson, A. F. Macfie and "Andy" Stuart. I have written Mr. Stuart's name last, but Horace always told me that he reckoned him first after those leading three, and, though it can only be a matter of opinion, that is at any rate an opinion worth quoting. Incidentally, he and Horace had played together for Oxford in the first two University matches in 1878 and 1879, and so in that respect, too, his death snaps a link with the past.

Compared with his contemporaries, Mr. Stuart gave up serious golf early in life, and, though I had had the pleasure of meeting him occasionally during many years, I had only once seen him play. That was in 1903 at Muirfield at the time of the Amateur Championship. He was not a competitor, but on one of the practice days he played a round against Miss Rhona Adair, then lady champion, also there as a spectator. I remember hearing him smilingly protest that he could not give her the odds of a third, and he proved an accurate prophet. His best days were then over, and I have only a vague recollection of a pleasant easy swing. I had particularly wanted to see it because of a sentence of Horace's which I knew by heart, as to the dangerous seduction of the flamboyant St. Andrews swing. "Look rather at Mr. Alexander Stuart," he had written. "It is a free, long supple swing indeed, but formed upon quarter methods. There is more repose—less

fascinating dash maybe; but more apparent absence of effort. It is the safer style for your model." I had read those words so often as a hero-worshipping small boy about unseen heroes, and now as a grown-up I had, with this glance at Mr. Stuart, seen them all. So that day at Muirfield was one not to be forgotten.

His name had before his death passed out of the golfing *Who's Who*, but I found on my shelves one of more than forty years ago, in which his achievements were set out at some length, and a very impressive list they made. As far as the Championships were concerned, he had only once reached the semi-final of the Amateur, and had once won the Irish Open Amateur; but his victories in medals were many and spread over many courses. At St. Andrews he had won every possible medal, including the King William IV medal three times. He won half a dozen at Prestwick, and several of the Honourable Company. The New Club at North Berwick, Tantallon, Portrush and Newcastle each swelled the total, and finally Hoylake. I mention Hoylake for the particular reason that I had a letter from him within the last year in which he told me of his win there, one of the few times, as he said, that he had succeeded in beating John Ball. He had holed a full cleek shot at the Hilbre hole (the 12th) for a two, and when he told John Ball of this feat he received the reply, "Are you sure you don't mean the Rushes?" The Rushes, I need scarcely add, is the 13th and a short hole. "No," Mr. Stuart answered, "I took four to that." It struck me as a pleasant little story and likewise as a good bit of remembering on the part of an old gentleman of eighty-nine.

There is another little story of Mr. Stuart's which always pleased me, and though I have an uneasy feeling that I have told it before, perhaps I may be forgiven if on this occasion I tell it again. He was playing in the Autumn medal at St. Andrews, and was doing pretty well. He had driven safely over the Stationmaster's garden at the 17th, and was about to play his second, when there appeared Leslie Balfour's younger brother to report that Leslie had done a good score and enquiring anxiously how this dangerous rival was getting on. Mr. Stuart reckoned up his score and replied that he wanted

a five and a four to tie with Leslie. "Oh, do you?" replied the enthusiastic brother. "Then I hope to God you miss your second," and missed the second was, and there was no tie for the medal.

That story seems to carry one back into a past age, for I hardly think the most openly partisan of brothers could say such a thing now. And so, in a different way, does that list of medals won at so many different clubs. It makes one realise once again how comparatively small and intimate a game golf was in the 'eighties and 'nineties, and how much more cosmopolitan a band were the leading players of those days. They did not, as for the most part people do nowadays, confine themselves to one or two courses, but wandered here, there and everywhere in search of new worlds to conquer. From St. Andrews to Westward Ho! there stretched one snug little kingdom of golf and its leading figures might be found winning medals almost anywhere at any moment. In these hard times, moreover, one is driven to reflect a little enviously on the easy-going leisurely life that enabled them, or at any rate some of them, to do so. The past is always apt to sound like a golden age, and that must have been a very pleasant one in which to play golf.

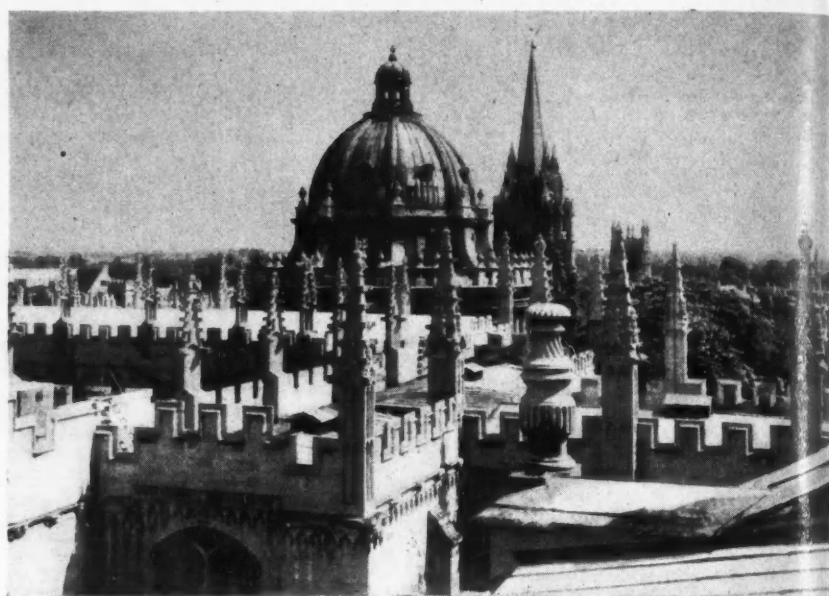
I think it was almost the last time I was at St. Andrews that someone wandering about the big room came across an open locker, and, peeping in, reported in excited tones that it contained some of the most wonderful fossils of the past that he had ever seen. "They seem to belong to someone called A. Stuart," he remarked. "Who is A. Stuart?" I restrained my indignation at such ignorance and enlightened him, and then we examined the contents of the locker. Certainly they were redolent of the past, for the balls were ancient and blackened gutties, and the one or two wooden clubs cannot have been used, as I judged, for something over half a century. Their owner had no doubt long forgotten their existence. I hope that they now form part of that collection of clubs, belonging to illustrious members, to which Mr. Philip Boase has devoted such treasures of enthusiasm. It would not be complete without some memorial of so fine a golfer and so delightful a man.

THE STONES OF OXFORD

THE ideal building stone for London was discovered over three hundred years ago. Ever since Charles I's Banqueting House arose white and shining in Whitehall, Portland stone has had no serious competitor in the Metropolis. It has not only endured the attacks of wind, rain and frost, but has proved itself able to withstand the poisons of acids and gases in an atmosphere never free from pollution. Vast sums of money must have been saved because Inigo Jones and Wren, and innumerable architects after them, recognised its virtues and remained faithful. How great the saving has been one only begins to appreciate when one turns to Oxford and considers the expense to which the University and colleges have been put in restoring their crumbling fabrics in the last hundred years. The refacing of Peckwater between the wars cost Christ Church over £25,000, to take only one instance. For at Oxford the ideal building stone was not discovered in the 17th century or the 18th, although at the time Headington stone was thought to possess every virtue and every grace, durability included.

The rise of Headington to undisputed dominion and its ignominious fall make one of the stories that Mr. W. J. Arkell tells in his fascinating book, *Oxford Stone* (Faber, 25s.). Why after centuries of experience the masons fell for this perishable freestone, known to and correctly valued by their predecessors, has always been a mystery. Mr. Arkell suggests as one possible reason that the greatly increased demand for stone produced by the building mania that gave Oxford many of its finest classic structures caused the quarrymen to forget their scruples and proclaim Headington as a new discovery. And there was the advantage that the quarries were much nearer than those of Taynton and Burford to the west from which the old and well-trying freestones had been obtained. This saving in carriage cost Oxford dear. It is both ironical and fortunate but tragic, too, that some of the least damaged buildings of Oxford are among the oldest—the Saxon tower of St. Michael's, the 11th-century city wall, and New College cloister and belltower, built in the last twenty years of Richard II's reign.

To-day the tumbled Headington quarries, the matrix of so many ill-starred Oxford buildings, are tangled with either hawthorn or growing fruit and vegetables in the made-up soil between the hummocks. "The Headington stone industry is beyond doubt permanently extinct." Unfortunately, the tale of Oxford's misfortunes as a stone city does not end with Headington's downfall. The 19th-century archi-



OXFORD REBORN IN CLIPSHAM STONE. PINNACLES ON THE BODLEIAN RESTORED SEVENTY YEARS AGO

tects thought that they knew better and employed stones from farther afield—Bath, with varying results, and later, Doulting, from beside Wells, but with little success. A few of them turned back to Taynton, the durable freestone which had been used by the mediæval builders and, later, in enormous blocks for the construction of Blenheim. But near Taynton is a village called Milton, where a stone is quarried that is very like Taynton in appearance but not in durability. Floods of it came to Oxford in the second half of last century. It was used in 1853 in the repairs of the tower and spire of St. Mary's under Buckler, but in forty years all the work needed doing again. Some of the worst 19th-century horrors of Oxford were perpetrated in Milton stone, possibly a blessing in disguise, for they are rapidly crumbling and the time should come when it may be less expensive to pull them down than to reface them.

But after numerous experiments the ideal stone was discovered. It was Sir T. G. Jackson who introduced Clipsham stone to Oxford when he built the Examination Schools of it in 1876-78. The Clipsham quarries are 90 miles from Oxford on the borders of Rutland and Lincolnshire, and they produce an oolite belonging to the same geological period as the native stones of Oxfordshire and the Cotswolds. In small quantities Clipsham was used at Cambridge in the building of King's College chapel, but in the 15th and 16th centuries the Weldon and King's Cliffe quarries were in greater demand. Clipsham was used for the second repair of St. Mary's spire, and all the important restorations that have had to be undertaken in Oxford in the last fifty years have been carried out in this stone. It has already stood the test of time, for the most exposed portions of the Bodleian, its regiment of pinnacles, which were rebuilt in Clipsham from 1878 onwards, look as fresh to-day as when they were cut. Old Oxford is being reborn in stone won from the smallest county in England. From Headington, Oxford turned south-west to Bath and Doulting and now looks the other way—to Rutland. At least of Clipsham there will be no doubts of the kind so delightfully expressed by Robert Bridges:

*Indeed the stone may have been weaker
Of which they fashioned the replica.*

As a well-known geologist, Mr. Arkell writes with authority, and he has had twenty-five years of residence in Oxford to study the behaviour of its stones. But his book, as the varied and delightful illustrations alone show, is far from being a technical treatise. He has a keen

aesthetic sensibility, and writes with critical judgment, an engaging sense of humour and infectious enthusiasm. The histories of the various quarries out of which Oxford has been hewn are given with copious references to building documents and a series of maps which it is a joy to study, so clearly are they presented and so beautifully lettered. Each quarry has been visited, and we are given the first-hand experience of masons who come from families with generations of inherited knowledge. It is pleasant to be told that a descendant of the Pittaways, quarriers of Taynton, is master-builder on the new Liverpool Cathedral. Three of the Oxford colleges still follow the old system of maintaining their own working mason to carry out running repairs. The tools of Mr. Cozier, the Wadham College mason, drawings of which are reproduced, cannot be very different from those used by his mediæval predecessors. By way of contrast, Mr. Arkell describes the operations in a modern quarry at Clipsham and also takes us into an Oxford stone-yard, where traditional shaping of stone goes on side by side with preliminary cutting by mechanical saws.

In conclusion some excellent practical advice is offered on the care of stone buildings. Mr. Arkell discusses the economies and the results of patching as opposed to complete refacing, and is strongly in favour of refacing, wherever practicable when the time arises, as indeed everyone must be on aesthetic grounds. Hard words are said about the use of synthetic stone, to which some colleges are deeply committed, and instances are given to show that little faith can be placed in it as anything more than a temporary remedy. Buildings, once they are erected, need looking after; they soon collect soot and dirt on the parts screened from the rain. Periodical washing and, in some cases, steam-cleaning or scrubbing are advocated. Not only would the masonry benefit but dark, discoloured walls would be lightened. Indeed, one's whole valuation of a building has often to be considerably modified when the fabric is allowed to appear as it was meant to be seen. Mr. Arkell also defends the controlled use of creepers to enliven dull architecture, and sometimes even to make the good still more attractive.

Most valuable of all his suggestions is that the University should set up a central architectural panel whose approval would have to be obtained before any decisions could be taken affecting college buildings. So experience and knowledge would be pooled and shared. Many of the worst mistakes of the past have been due to hasty and ill-considered action on the part of governing bodies, and there is still no guarantee that others equally disastrous will not be made in the future.

A. S. O.



CHRIST CHURCH LIBRARY. A DETAIL SHOWING DECAY OF HEADINGTON STONE OVER 230 YEARS. Column of Headington free-stone, base of Headington hardstone; the pilasters of Burford or Taynton stone have developed "warts"

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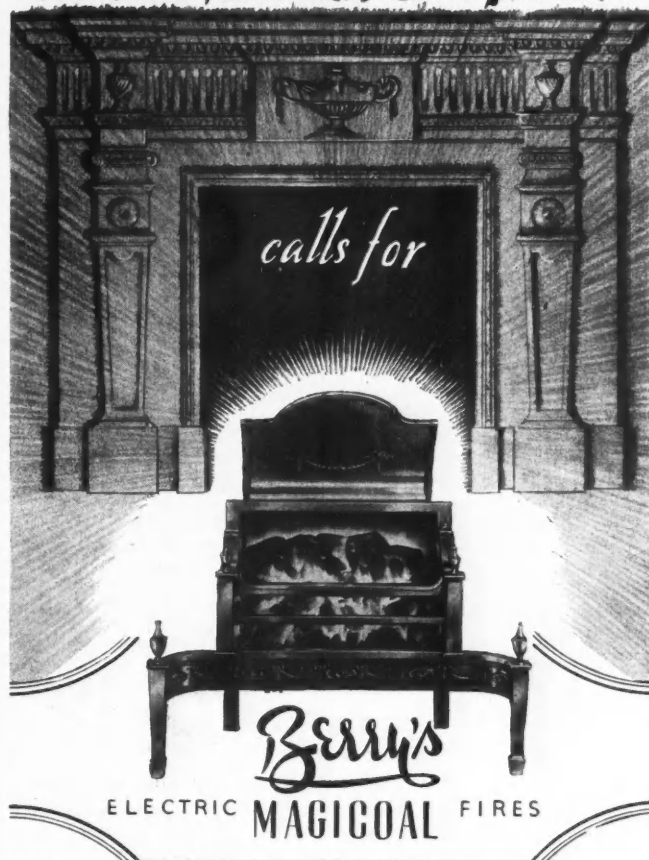
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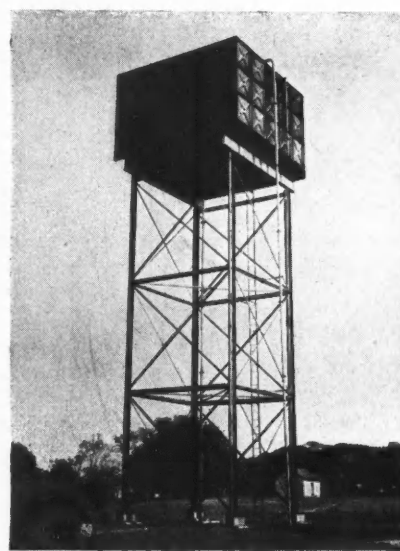
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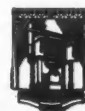


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NEW BOOKS

THE PITY AND THE TERROR OF LIFE

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I DON'T know much about "existentialism," which is so much talked of to-day. Indeed, I don't think anyone knows much about it. It is still something "in the air," a philosophy that has not yet been clarified and codified. Even M. Sartre, who is regarded as its chief exponent, has said that he doesn't know what it is. Other people have "deduced" it from his work. But I did recently read an article which tried to pin down this modern cult, and the writer found that the "existential" view of life conceived it as something haunted by a background of dread.

Well, that is getting somewhere; and, alas! it is only too clear that, if this indeed is the essence of "existen-

noses the world's tragedy. "The world has grown too small for our machinery, too big for our hearts. All we see is stone, metal, paper, numbers, names; they've fallen like a curtain over the shape of man. . . . Freedom, I've learned, is a rare and fragile article. It can't be produced by machines. Man seeks his freedom and identity nowadays in a monstrous tangle of machinery. And he is defeated; there is no freedom or identity without faith in man's dignity, man's uniqueness, man's inner and eternal right to tragedy. Without this faith, all common ground for understanding vanishes; the higher authority has perished. And men are reduced to a poisonous loneliness."

THE IDOLS OF THE CAVE. By Frederic Prokosch
(Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.)

THERÈSE
By Francois Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins
(Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)

THE LONG FLIGHT. By Terence Horsley
(Country Life, 18s.)

tialism," there is plenty in life to-day to feed the feeling. Dread is consequent upon insecurity, and it would be an optimist indeed who claimed that we lived in secure times. The religious answer to the problem—"casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you"—is not widely accepted; and, if it is not, what remains but "existentialism"?

If I have understood the cult aright, then I should say that the new novel by Frederic Prokosch, *The Idols of the Cave* (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.) is a brilliant, moving and disturbing picture of "existential" man. The sense of dread in the background of human life, the feeling that what we know as civilisation to-day can have but one end, and that utterly calamitous, is here presented with tremendous power.

NEW YORK IN THE WAR YEARS

Prokosch has set his story in New York. It begins in 1941 when America has not entered the war, and the town is full of hysterical living. It ends in 1945, when the war is over, with the suicide of a lovely girl to whom life has nothing more to offer. In Delia's end the whole hopelessness that paralyses the conduct of almost everybody in the book is summed up and made concrete; but it is more than the end of an individual. Just before Delia dies she attends a garden party in one of the great mansions of New York. Everybody who is anybody is there: American and European, "society," the arts, diplomacy, philanthropy, no one is missing; and the author's description of this glittering occasion, with a storm gathering overhead and everything poised on the brink of dissolution, has a macabre power that is deeply moving.

It is from this tremendous crowded social occasion that Pierre Maillard, the young French painter, goes to visit a solitary old man, dying in loneliness, and the old man diag-

This is the only moment in the book at which the doorway of escape is pointed out, and it is pointed out by a man who believes that it is already bolted and barred. This sense of "too late" haunts the book. Even as Delia is poised on the window-ledge over the abyss, she knows that hands have come into the room that would hold her back; she hears the voice that calls "Delia!" but "she opened her hands, bowed her head, and leaned forward. And, simultaneously, like lightning, a flash of regret pierced her body." That is all we are left with at the end: a flash of regret that things have gone too far for redemption; that nothing remains but the "blazing torrent" and "everlasting darkness."

Prokosch is a great writer. The brilliance of his pen is a matter for other writers' envy and despair. He can make you see and feel anything, and especially he makes you see and feel New York in its inhuman immensity. His descriptions of the weather in the streets, of social occasions, of the wayward human heart drifting on the currents of desire and dread, have the brilliance of painting. Crowded as his canvas is, it is yet limited. We have the rich and the artists whom they patronise, painters and ballet-dancers for the most part. There is hardly anyone else; and here alone one sees a gleam of hope. Are these others, who are not caught in the tragic web of luxury and fear, likely to hold the key which is elsewhere lost? Or was the old dying Baron Legué right when he said of them to Pierre: "Millions of little people are swarming in the streets outside. But they're turning into ghosts. Their capacity for freedom is dying"? Anyway, here you have a book of pity and terror.

MAURIAE NOVELS

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, who are to give us translations of all the novels of François Mauriac, now publish *Thérèse* (10s. 6d.), translated

by Gerard Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins's translation of *A Woman of the Pharisees* was notable. It put him at once into the rank of such rare translators as Beatrice de Holthoir, who gave us so much of Duhamel; and in this second book he is working still on the excellent level of the first.

In this volume you have Mauriac's two novels *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, which presented Thérèse in youth and *La Fin de la Nuit*, published many years later, which showed her decline and death. Sandwiched between, we have two short stories about Thérèse.

Mauriac is a religious writer, which is not to say that he is a writer of tracts. But the sense that man's home is in God illuminates all his work. Even so dreadful a character as Thérèse Desqueyroux need not, of necessity, be left to find life "existential," full of fear beyond hope. We leave her unredeemed, but not beyond the possibility of redemption. In a foreword to *La Fin de la Nuit*, Mauriac writes: "Why, someone may say, do I break off this story before it has reached the point at which Thérèse might have found pardon and the peace of God? Let me make a confession. The pages dealing with that ultimate consolation were, in fact, written, but I destroyed them. I could not see the priest who would have possessed the qualifications necessary if he was to hear her confession with understanding. Since then I have found him, in Rome, and I know now (some day, perhaps, I may tell the story) just how Thérèse entered into the eternal radiance of death."

LIFE WITH A "MONSTER"

In this volume we meet her first in the dusk of a stormy day leaving a provincial court-house. She has been charged with attempting to murder her husband by poisoning him. She belongs to a well-to-do family of some note in the neighbourhood, and it has been possible to "cook" the evidence. She is discharged. She is about to travel home to take up life again with the man who knows well enough that she did, in fact, try to poison him. What sort of life can that be? There, if you like, is an opening to challenge the skill of any novelist!

"Being by nature a monster..." Mauriac begins one sentence; and that is what he has to study and present in these pages: a woman, young, not bad-looking, comfortable in worldly circumstances, noted for "charm," but a monster "by nature." The book stands or falls by his success in making us accept such a person: a woman with a magnetic attraction for men so strong that, towards the end, even when she is on the brink of dissolution, merely to meet her detaches young Georges from Marie, Thérèse's daughter, and makes him the older woman's slave.

There is no doubt that Mauriac completely succeeds. In the desolate land of marsh and pine where we first meet her, and in Paris whither later she goes, she is consistent, all of a piece (though the piece has many facets), a *femme fatale* in the true and terrible sense of the words, a destroyer not only by poison but by the very fact of being. The book is a remarkable piece of objective presentation. We accept this "monster by nature" with understanding and pity.

FIGHT AGAINST NATURE

Terence Horsley's *The Long Flight* (COUNTRY LIFE, 18s.) is made up of seven short stories, illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. Each one is a tale of struggle, man or beast pitted against the ferocity of Nature. Birds make the

long journey oversea from the cold north to England. Many fall by the way; those that survive encounter the perils of an English winter unprecedented in severity and the flash of the fowler's gun. An aeroplane fights its way through an electric storm, comes overland into thick mist, hits a mountain top. A man in a glider 'plane establishes a record for height, finds the 'plane shattered round him, jumps in a parachute, and is strangled by its cords. A Highland boy, to provide meat for a starving family, goes out after the laird's deer, encounters a bitter winter storm on the mountain tops, is battered, benighted, and is found by his father "huddled by the new stream." Was he dead? One assumes so. Most of Mr. Horsley's stories end in defeat.

What he is concerned with is not the end, but the necessity to conduct the struggle with skill and hardihood. He is aware of the kinship in this matter between the man in the air, the bird on the wing, the salmon in the river, the boy and the old stag on the winter mountain-side facing one another, each engaged in a matter of life and death. This kinship is the heart of the book. It has a happy and charming end in the last story of all, where the farmer and the wary wild duck finally understand one another. Both for the writing and the drawing this is a desirable book.

MORE LIGHT ON THE NEW WORLD

THE celebrated Mexican author, painter and caricaturist, Miguel Covarrubias, has put students of the Mexican way of life considerably in his debt with *Mexico South: The Isthmus of Tehuantepec* (Cassell, 45s.), a scholarly survey of the history, customs, art and archaeology of one of the most interesting and least known areas of Mexico. Though he is at his best in dealing with the past, he is an acute observer of present-day conditions and trends and his analysis of the problems confronting Southern Mexico and the dangers inherent in them deserves a wide currency. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings, and has a comprehensive bibliography.

Germán Arciniegas, a former Colombian vice-consul in London, has researched widely into literature about the New World for his *Caribbean: Sea of the New World* (Cassell, 21s.), a fascinating history of the countries bordering the Caribbean Sea from the first voyage of Columbus to the opening of the Panama Canal. Like Señor Covarrubias, he is a firm believer in democracy, and he has great faith in the ability of the American world to promote both it and freedom.

One does not need to be a Quaker to enjoy *Travelling With Thomas Story*, by Emily E. Moore (Letchworth Printers, 15s.), an account, based on his *Journal*, of the life and travels, to America, the West Indies and elsewhere, of one of the most celebrated Friends of the early 18th century.

J. K. A.

HOW TO RESTORE A DERELICT SHOOT

SHOOTING men will be interested to learn that Imperial Chemical Industries are reviving their Game Service informative pamphlets of pre-war days. The first to be issued since 1939, *Building a Shoot*, obtainable free from I.C.I. Game Services, BURGATE Manor, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, deals in brief but practical detail with perhaps the most pressing of post-war shooting problems, the reconditioning of shoots which, owing to war conditions, have become more or less derelict. The primary importance of building up depleted breeding stocks is stressed, and many valuable suggestions are offered to game preservers.



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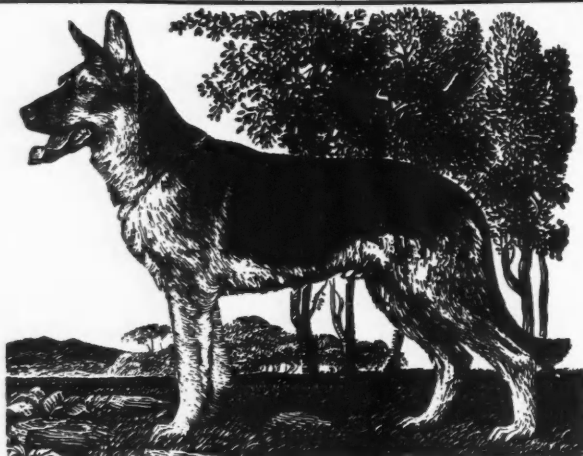
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FARMING NOTES

CORN ON OLD TURF

WHICH is the safest crop to grow on some downland turf ploughed in December? This question is put to me by a south country farmer who, having been away in the R.A.F. through the war, finds himself a novice in the ploughing-up business. He has, rightly I think, put a heavy press to follow the plough and the turf should be well compressed. The oat crop likes a firm seed-bed and the safest pioneer crop will, I think, be spring oats. Marvellous is a variety that should do well in these conditions. According to the National Institute of Agricultural Botany's leaflet on spring cereals, Marvellous ripens early and gives heavy yields of grain and straw, both of which are coarse, but it is not recommended for sowing later than February. I have found that this variety roots strongly and stands well, which is important in planting on old turf. Star is a variety I like for quality of grain and straw. It has a thin husk and usually yields as well as any other spring oat, but I doubt whether Star would stand upright as the first crop on old turf. Personally, I would not hesitate to have a gamble on part of the ground with one of the new stiff-strawed spring barleys, particularly Kenia or Camton. Done well, they yield heavily, but the quality is not up to the marketing standard. Linseed is another possibility, but we do not know yet how the Canadian varieties will stand the uncertainties of planting on old turf. Linseed has the advantage of being distasteful to rabbits; nor does the wireworm like it.

Tractors off the Ration

IT is good news that six of the most popular tractors can now be bought without the paraphernalia of permits and licences. All the farmer has to do to get one of these tractors is to order one from the agent of his choice and be prepared a few days afterwards to write a cheque. It seems almost too simple to be true in these days. We still need more of the heavy crawler tractors, and I hope that the Marshall planners will remember our need in allocating American shipments. We want more spare parts for these heavy tractors, and in this we are not alone. American farmers have been just as short of essential spares, and I am told that customers in many countries have made strong representations to the manufacturers asking them to concentrate for a few months on catching up with the demand for spares to get existing tractors to work again.

From Cave to Tractor

DR. H. I. MOORE is one of our soundest agricultural writers today and in his book *Background to Farming* (Allen and Unwin, 10s.) he offers the agricultural student, the townsman, and maybe some of us farmers, too, a clear and brief sketch of how British agriculture has developed to its present stage from the earliest days when our forbears lived in caves. He goes on to paint a picture of the main lines of British farming to-day without attempting to fill in too much technical detail. Two quotations are worth recording here. "Unlike our other industries, which are operated by companies and corporations, farming in the main is a family affair. The landowner, who is, incidentally, frequently the farmer himself, supplies the land, buildings and permanent fixtures for a fixed rental, the farmer supplies the working capital, livestock, implements and general supplies; while the farm-

worker, in contrast to his industrial brother, takes an active and vital interest in the whole organisation." The other remark in this book which seems to me particularly timely just after the publication of the Lucas Committee's report is as follows: "Marketing is a very complex business, much more so in the case of farm than industrial products, because the former are perishable, often lack uniformity and are subject to the peculiarity that the consumer makes the purchase regularly and in relatively small quantities. In the flow of food from producer to consumer many merchants, both large and small, and many organisations are involved. This is inevitable except in a society where everyone grows their own food, but it also accounts for the rather alarming proportion of the sale price absorbed by the distributor compared with that received by the primary producer."

English Apples

WHAT have we to thank for the excellent keeping qualities of last year's apples? I do not remember ever having my own apples, not particularly skilfully nurtured or stored, in such perfect condition until the end of January. This time they have not turned rotten, even in part, or gone soft. I hazard a guess that the long spell of sunshine and dry conditions through the summer kept at bay fungus in various forms and the insects that often attack the fruit from the forming stage through to maturity. A summer like 1947 is rare, for which, as a farmer who depends partly on grain growing for a living, I am glad, but as one appreciates a good English apple I am duly appreciative of one compensation.

Mr. James Turner

AT Reading I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. James Turner, the president of the N.F.U., addressing the Berkshire branch at its annual meeting. Mr. Turner is an impressive speaker who marshals his facts clearly and gives his hearers full value. I welcomed particularly the background of British agriculture's inter-war experiences against which he set recent developments, such as the Agriculture Act and the proposals for marketing reform advanced by the Lucas Committee. The N.F.U. has been blamed (and I am one of the critics on this score) for not having prepared a more definite policy for developing the first efforts of the producers' marketing boards on lines that suit present-day conditions. The Lucas Committee would, I believe, have done a better job if the N.F.U. had from their experience set out plainly the lines of advance in marketing organisation that farmers would favour. As it is, the Lucas Committee has put forward a foreign set of ideas, including State-controlled Commodity Commissions, which are quite unpalatable to farmers. But Mr. Turner regards the Lucas Committee's report as just another contribution to the "kitty" from which one day will emerge satisfactory and practical plans for better marketing organisation that will not only protect the home producer, but will also cut through the waste and overlapping that before the war encumbered the channels of distribution between the farm and the consumer's table. Mr. Turner knows well the many ramifications of agricultural policy, and at Reading he gave full and informed answers to all questions. In him the farming community has a highly competent spokesman. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

EFFECT OF NEW LEGISLATION

IN their customary annual report Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff remark: "The effect of the sweeping and far-reaching Acts of 1947, the Agriculture Act and the Town and Country Planning Act, remains to be seen, but the Government's declared policy of establishing a solid and efficient agricultural industry has had the effect throughout Britain of increasing the keen demand for farms for occupation and investment. There is little doubt that farms offered for sale in the open market with vacant possession command higher prices to-day than they would have done as recently as a year ago. Agricultural investments may have hardened slightly, although the demand still far exceeds the supply. With regard to residential property the demand has been found to be as keen as ever for small and medium-sized houses, particularly those with a few acres of land, and is likely to remain so while the prospect of new building remains remote both by reason of the Government's present economic policy and the reluctance of owners and developers to deal with land since the coming into effect of the Town and Country Planning Act. It is a fact, however, that more effort has had to be made in bringing buyers and sellers of this class of property together.

RESULT OF PETROL BAN

MANSION houses have proved to be more in demand than was expected, by schools, institutions and industrial and Government Departments. The year 1947 has been notable for the number of successful auction sales and for the number of sales before auction, action prompted no doubt by the rapid changes in national and international affairs. An instance of this is the hotel market. Demand in the early part of the year far exceeded supply, but with the abolition of basic petrol the position has been largely reversed.

"In industrial property demand remains unabated, and is likely to remain so, while that for shops has become acute. Large blocks of shop and office property for investment have probably aroused greater interest in 1947 than has any other of the many branches of estate agency which we are called upon to deal with in the course of a year's working. The demand appears to be on the increase, and with few attractive securities available, the number of years' purchase shows a tendency to rise. This applies also to well secured ground rents, which have been quickly absorbed. The market in agricultural investments remains as keen as ever, and the firm has very considerable funds which are seeking an outlet in this type of security. Sales and valuations of standing timber throughout the country have been greater than ever and are likely to increase, but owners would be well advised to have their timber carefully selected and measured before selling so that the amenities of their woodlands are preserved as far as possible."

EFFICACY OF AUCTIONS

IN reviewing their work in 1947 Messrs. Hampton and Sons say: "The real estate market during 1947 has been a most active one with last year's turnover more than maintained, cheap money still being the main factor with investors and the restriction on building with the home seeker. The year has also once again proved the efficacy of auctions, 95 per cent. of the properties offered having been sold. There is a tendency to-

wards stabilisation of values. The Town and Country Planning Act with its many clauses needing elucidation is, in our opinion, poor legislation and one likely to be unworkable in its present confiscatory nature. Business has been encouraging and well up to expectations, many well-known residential and agricultural estates having changed hands at prices which can be regarded as highly satisfactory. Large houses with their attendant upkeep have shown a decline, many having been converted into flats, guest houses, hotels and for institutional uses.

COUNTRY HOME BUYERS MORE DISCERNING

"GOOD-CLASS country residences have again been a feature of our business; but during the latter part of the year there has been a tendency for buyers to become more discerning in their choice of a home, although prices have been maintained and are even higher for the handy-sized period house in good order with a moderate amount of land. Other types, priced at figures realised some two or three years ago, are not so easily saleable and the inference is that prices will ease for this class as buyers are no longer prepared to pay the high prices that have been ruling for the second best. The Suburban Department has experienced a busy year with the ever-growing demand for houses within easy reach of the City and West End and many more could have been dealt with had they been available. We feel this state will continue for some years unless there is a change in the Government's housing policy, which at present practically eliminates private enterprise.

"As far as London residential properties are concerned, the demand throughout the year has continued well in excess of supply in respect of most classes of West End residential property, particularly for the better type flat and for small well-modernised houses of from, say, 4 to 7 bedrooms. A good volume of business has been done in large properties for conversion into flats and maisonettes, and, where permitted, for office use, as also in transfers of properties still held under requisition. It is difficult to foresee, but as far as can be judged it would appear that the general demand for desirable properties can hardly be expected to diminish while present conditions maintain." The firm reports activity in Wimbledon, and confidence in the "open space" future of that district.

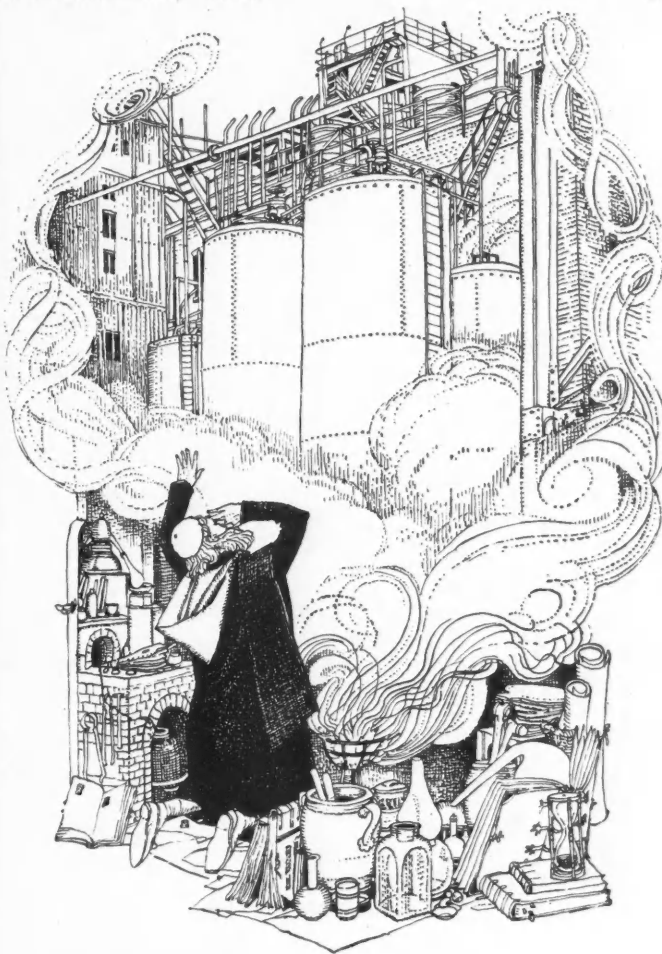
THE INVESTMENT OUTLOOK

THE market for real property is dominated by the general investment position. Interference with the normal action and reaction of economic forces has complicated and confused all calculations regarding gilt-edged investments. The rate of interest on the funds has been artificially and forcibly lowered, and the much reduced yield has had to bear its full burden of taxation. Hopes of any substantial alleviation of the taxpayer's lot are negligible.

LADY DETERDING'S ASCOT PROPERTY

BUCKHURST PARK, two miles from Ascot, for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. on behalf of Lady Deterding, is a modernised residence of Portland stone in 125 acres of parkland. There are private gates into Windsor Park, and the property is bounded on three sides by Crown land.

ARBITER.



Ancestors of an Industry

The Biblical exhortation to "praise famous men and our fathers that begat us" is one which Britain may well take to heart, especially in the field of the Sciences. She has ever been too ready to acquiesce in the claims of other nations to lead the world in scientific resource and invention, when history reveals that Britons stand second to none among the world's scientific pathfinders and pioneers. It is with the object of demonstrating that Britain has always been in the van of scientific progress that this series of announcements, under the title "Ancestors of an Industry", has been prepared. It will tell the story from Robert of Chester, the English monk who in 1144 opened the door of Eastern chemical knowledge to Western Europe, up through the centuries to Sir William Bragg and Lord Rutherford, whose researches in the present century led to the liberation of atomic energy. These announcements will, it is hoped, serve to give the people of Britain a new sense of the richness of their heritage, and nations overseas some idea of the debt the world owes to British scientists and chemists.





Oval toque in duster-checked surah silk with a quilted satin top and a ledge that projects over the forehead.
Simone Mirman

Photographs COUNTRY LIFE Studio

HAT Notes

THE spring millinery gives the clue to the new look for this year. The silhouette with its long skirts and nipped waistline, its fitted bodices with their slim, sloping shoulders, requires a close, neat hat with any projection in the way of trimming or jutting brims placed in front. The sides of the hats are narrow, often left flush with the head, and the hair is drawn up from the ears on to the top in smooth wings, or cut short, almost as close-clipped as a shingle so that the hat fits on.

The tiny toques in felt, grosgrain and straw are held on by veiling and sit straight on top with a cluster of flowers or a Robin Hood feather sticking out over the brow. Simone Mirman makes oval toques in duster check silk or in grosgrain, in coarse straw or in fine pedal straw, about four to five inches deep and with a ledge that shades the eyes. Straw bonnets carry on the same movement with a wedge of brim concentrated in front and a crown that fits them on to the head—a line that balances a long full skirt. Sometimes she puts a rose or two into the curve of a coal-scuttle brim or curves the brim demurely downwards like the Regency bonnets. For these hats the hairline must be neat, the ears must be showing and the hair cut short, or if long, knotted into a large, sleek bun that can be accommodated below the hat.

For Ascot, Madame Mirman is making cartwheels of horsehair lace with frilly brims and a rose tucked underneath over one eye, also fine pedal straws laden with roses, hats that might have come out of the pages of Oscar Wilde. And, as even country tweeds are longer and fuller about the skirt, she designs hats for them that are slightly more elaborate than usual—round sailors made from checked surah silks, without crowns, that are held on by a spotted veil tying under the chin, and thick, plain oval-shaped toques in felt. The sailor is a shape that also looks chic in white piqué, tied on with navy veiling for a navy and white town outfit. It has a crisp look that matches up to the nipped-waist silhouette and the wide hem. Snuff browns and bright tans, duster-checked surah silks, petersham ribbons, cabbage roses and horsehair and crinoline straws give a Victorian atmosphere to this collection, but the clear lines of the small, close hats have nothing period about them.

Pale translucent greens and a warm pinky beige, a very becoming beige, are featured by Aage Thaarup for small cap-like hats with squashy crowns and narrow brims in

(Continued on page 248)



Chip straw bonnet with a round crown and a long brim that tilts right over the face.
Simone Mirman



Cream-coloured felt bonnet with a squashy crown and flowers in shaded greens, yellows and creams.
Aage Thaarup



A toque for a suit in pink felt with headband and loops of dice-checked silk.
Aage Thaarup

Peter French



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(Left) Black chip straw bonnet held on the head by a skull cap of black ribbon that ties in front. Pissot and Pavy

(Below) A wide black velvet beret by Hugh Beresford



front only, or with brims cut away in front and the space filled in with shaded flowers in lovely mixed pastels. These caps make a pretty hat for a fur coat. A large beret for a suit or a tailored ensemble pulls right down over one ear and is edged with a fringe of shaded feathers that droop on to the shoulder. For this again the hair needs to be smooth. And for spring weddings, Mr. Thaarup designs shallow Victorian bonnets in forget-me-not blue or cyclamen felt with posies of tiny flowers set over from ear to ear.

Shorter hair and a clear back to the neck are an essential corollary to the new look. Even if the true shingle

hasn't returned, mostly because the present trend of fashion is so very feminine, a sleek, mannered style of hairdressing is essential under the new hats. At night, or with some of the toques and the larger hats that have their brims cut away at the back, a low coil of hair can be added and look smart. But the hair must be swept up smoothly, leaving the ears showing and giving a flat look each side.

CHOKER necklaces fit the mood and the clothes for morning, noon or night. Pearl necklaces, the pearls the size of hazel nuts and either two or three strands, are worn over round-necked sweaters, the pearls sometimes tinted grey for the centre row, or twisted when they are smaller in size. With a black afternoon dress with a low V-shaped décolletage, three rows of seed pearls worn close to the throat will have a pearl and aquamarine clip, flower-shaped, clipped flat on to the pearls. With brown, and a high, plain neckline hugging the throat, zircons and light topaz marguerites, three in a row, are chic mounted very flat on to a wide band of gold chain with absolutely flat links. For a strapless sequin-topped evening gown, a tiny gold choker with small garnets or turquoise hanging from it in a "plastron" effect is charming. The Christian Dior chokers, a thin line of white or sparkling rose-pink baguette strass beads tying with black velvet at the back, are shown in the Spectator accessory shop, matched by earrings. You wear this necklace at the base of the throat, or higher up, Edwardian fashion.

Court shoes with moderately high heels and plain vamps or dear little booties that just cover the anklebone look best with the wide, long skirts and the fitted tops. The casual shoes with low wedge heels have been shown in the early collections with full-backed swagger coats and some of the full-skirted summer frocks, but the bulk of the styles are distinctly more formal and need a lighter type of slipper. Handbags always have a handle. Clutching a pochette when the coat is already bulky with pleats and gores looks all wrong. The much talked about new look is changing the size and shape of all our accessories.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



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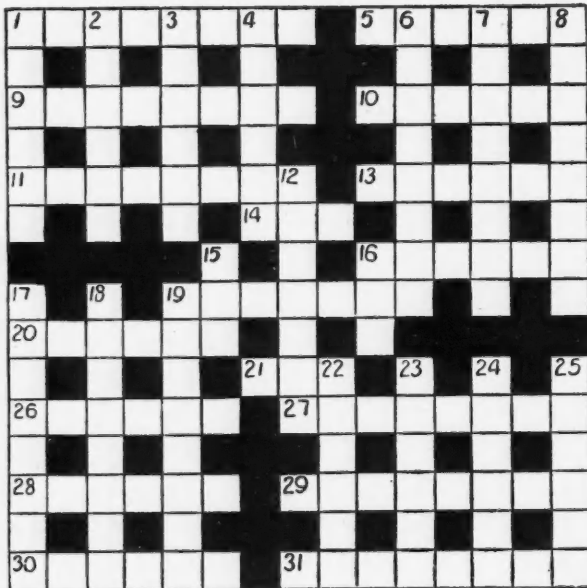
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CROSSWORD No. 938

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 938, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, February 5, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name

(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address

SOLUTION TO No. 937. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 23, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Coat of mail; 6, Isle; 9, Pronounced; 10, Leap; 12, Oiler; 13, Tell tales; 14 and 16, A good fat hen; 20 and 21, Candlelight; 25, Refurbish; 26, Stair; 27, Ibex; 28, Antagonist; 29, Nash; 30, Elementary.

DOWN.—1, Captor; 2, Apollo; 3, Odour; 4, Monition; 5, Ideals; 7, Stealthy; 8, Exposing; 11, Strath; 15, Galore; 17, Scorpion; 18, Snuffers; 19, Right arm; 22, Lionel; 23, Lamina; 24, Pretty; 26, Scorn.

ACROSS

- 1 and 5. A livelihood, if you have the coupons (5, 3, 6)
9. For this sort of activity try to follow a great river (8)
10. No bore could have created him (6)
11. The seaman's school (8)
13. When in anger I become like a ghost (6)
14. If I were little, I should not be complete without it (3)
16. Recall (anagr.) (6)
19. The pillar he may have driven from is a box (7)
20. A national gallery (6)
21. The queen of 10 across was enamoured of one (3)
26. You may have to plant a tree in it (6)
27. Astute R.A. (anagr.) (8)
28. Stir men up with ale, but there should be no roughness about the effect of it (6)
29. Not a stern expression, far from it (8)
- 30 and 31. Did he take first place for argumentativeness? (6, 8)

DOWN

1. John was certainly not dull (6)
2. Trees that have learned discretion? (6)
3. Stop (6)
4. "No Dolphin came, no — stirr'd, Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard" —Gray (6)
6. How to take a load off your mind (8)
7. A Cocteau child, perhaps (8)
8. These men of the wide open spaces might give her scan (8)
12. Sappho (7)
- 15 and 16. Headgear on the opposite extremity (6)
17. One of the pair is sometimes hunted (8)
18. Four lines with a wet finish (8)
19. "Know for certain That I am — and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan" —Shakespeare (8)
22. Relish (6)
23. Railway King (6)
24. Better beer in it than shells (6)
25. The dog that torments cross-word competitors (6)

The winner of Crossword No. 936 is

Mrs. Morland,
Little Pitfold,
Hindhead,
Surrey.

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